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INTRODUCTION

Horace Greeley, that elder statesman of journalism, once told Charles A. Dana, another brilliant pioneer of the modern newspaper, that the real newspaper man was the boy who slept on newspapers and ate ink.

Dana told that to a journalism class at Union College. He added a few qualifications of his own: the greatest book of all was the Bible and it should be read constantly for its simplicity of style, its solemn recounting of great events, its reverence. Next came the works of Shakespeare whom Dana called the "chief master of the English language." Then he gave his listeners something of a shock by telling them a good general ~~xxxxxx~~ education, with Greek and Latin, was far more valuable for the making of a newspaper man than the schools of journalism. Bluntly, he told them: "I have never found that a student or graduate who had pursued that department instead of pursuing other studies was of any great avail as a practical worker in the newspaper work he ~~xxx~~ had been trying to learn."

James Gordon Bennett, third of that trio of great editors of forty and fifty years ago, approved all these fundamentals, too, and furthered them, but he maintained that the Greeley-Dana curriculum fell short in one respect---it would be made perfect by an assiduous reading and study of that best-seller of Noah Webster's, the dictionary, to go along with the Bible, Shakespeare, a nap on a newspaper pile and a bite of ink. And Bennett, the first and

probably the only editor to do so, published a sixteen-page pamphlet, a guide and authority on the proper use of the English language for his editors when preparing manuscript for the New York Herald. It was meticulous in its schooling, and Bennett insisted on his editors observing it to its last detail.

Observations through more than fifty years in the field of journalism bring one to the conclusion that most young men entering that as a life work, had as their background the Greeley-Dana-Bennett formula; and they got their first inspirations from the glamor, worth-while achievements, adventures and dangers surrounding reporters, editors and war correspondents. Primarily the urge was to make a living, but above that was the halo of greatness that still hovers around such names as Greeley, Dana, Bennett, Henry Watterson, Clark Howell, John R. McLean, Joseph Pulitzer, W. R. Hearst and others.

Around the corner from my home lived Alfred Henry Lewis, editorial writer of the Washington Post and one of the foremost columnists of the day. Across the street lived Allie Lyon, executive editor of the Evening Star. Each of these, as he strolled leisurely off to his office, seemed to me the embodiment of an ideal life, confident, independent, worth while and something of an oracle to the thousands of persons who avidly read his writings and his preachments from day to day.

And unfolding from time to time came the amazing adventures and harrowing lives of some of the famous war correspondents---of Frederick Palmer in the Boxer Rebellion, and the Greek, Spanish-American, Russo-Japanese and Balkan Wars; of Ralph Heeker in the

Turco-Russian War; of Richard Harding Davis in the Spanish-American War and South Africa; and the variegated episodes of Henry M. Stanley. Born in Wales as John Rowlands, Stanley was raised in a poorhouse; worked his way to the United States on a sailing ship; was adopted by Stanley, a merchant, and took his name. He served in the Confederate Army; later in the United States Navy; then went with Lord Napier on his expedition into Abyssinia; covered the Carlist Uprising in Spain; and finally, with simple orders from Bennett to "Go Find Livingstone" and unlimited finances, organized his own safari, penetrated deep into the African jungles and found the lost British scientist.

And, with no garlands of glory around him, was unsung Jerome J. Collins, an unassuming reporter and weather analyst with a theory that the waters of the Polar Sea drifted steadily eastward from Bering Strait and came out around Greenland. Impressed, Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, fitted the steamship Jeannette and sent Collins and 30 others under George W. DeLong, into the Polar Sea to investigate. The Jeannette was crushed and sunk. Collins, DeLong and 19 others died miserably of starvation and freezing on the Siberian shores, but they definitely established the drift, and that scientific fact has been taken into account by every subsequent explorer in the Arctic region.

Inspired by these men of great accomplishments, some of whom had come out of the Great Nowhere, all thoughts of my xx future centered in hoping and dreaming of a newspaper life. What a wonderful thing it would be to become a reporter on some great newspaper like Henry Watterson's Louisville Courier-Journal, John

R. McLane's Cincinnati Inquirer, Clark Howell's Atlanta Constitution, Joseph Pulitzer's New York World, Greeley's Tribune, Dana's Sun, or Bennett's Herald.

Part of the Greeley-Dana-Bennett formula was in my hand. I had my Bible from boyhood; a young Shakespearian actor, a pal, had recited Macbeth, Richard the Third and all the rest to me until I found myself a fixed follower of that great poet; and I had a dictionary. All that was needed now was a bite of ~~printers~~ printer's ink and a sleep or two on a pile of newspapers, for my matriculation into the great field of journalism. Soon came my bite of ink---many bites---when I received a small printing press for Christmas---ink all over me, ink in my hair, ink on my apron, ink on my face and hands, ink on my sandwiches.

And then came a financial panic. Times were hard, very hard indeed. While I had a job taking dictation from the city editor of a press association from 6 in the evening to 2 in the morning, I took on another job in an advertising office from 9 in the morning until 5 in the evening, working both jobs steadily for nine months. Instead of taking two hours to go to and from my furnished room ten miles away, I slept on a pile of newspapers in the press association's delivery room, getting five hours sleep between the night and day tasks---thus completing the full course laid down by those eminent editors Greeley-Dana-and Bennett.

And now, right in the midst of a journalistic atmosphere and with great newspapers all around me, that journalistic pot of gold at the bottom of the rainbow ~~glowed~~ glowed beautifully, and it was not long before it faded out and into a reality rolling right in my direction.

AND THE PRESSES ROARED
or

FRONT PAGE PARADE
or

SEEING HISTORY MADE

TTTTT
T
THE INTENT of this book, which in the main is a chronicle of many
T of the writer's own experiences, is to give to readers some
T idea of what is involved in gathering the news. Most of
T these experiences were had in this first half of the present
T century in that electric period of hard competition, ingenuity and development that built the daily paper into the great news and educational institution it is today. They reveal a bit of the character of the editors and reporters and important men of several nations, of whom and with whom the newsmen have regularly treated and are treating today. It is a spotty history of the making of the modern newspaper. The incidents related are typical of those of other reporters whose news accounts in cold type leave untold the many hardships, dangers, and great expense, and also the charm, thrills and intrigues developed in putting before the public promptly the events they record.

Reporters have sacrificed their lives to get the news. They are endangering their lives today, not only in wars, but in the furtherance of exploration, education and science. A newspaper had faith in the telegraph when it was laughed at; discovered a fundamental characteristic of the Polar Sea which is the basis of all Polar exploration in the present day; took the first photograph of the Wright Brothers' airplane in flight at Kitty Hawk; saw the future of the automobile when it was a poor competitor of the horse; foresaw the airplane's value when both the automobile and the airplane were considered only a crazy man's contraptions; advocated the adoption of the finger-print and Bertillon systems of measurement and detection in this country when scoffers called it ridiculous.

Whatever is new is news---the discovery of new land, a new planet, a new mode of transportation, a new method of construction, a new cure for disease, a new implement of warfare, a new formula for world peace, a new way to grow crops. Newspapers spread the idea. Discussion, experimentation, application and perfection follow, and build the world. Newspapers are foremost in world progression.

Frequently is heard the remark: "You can't believe anything you see in a newspaper." That is mere stupidity, bias, or crass ignorance. Reporters and editors are hedged about by countless inviolable rules set up by a paper's policy, by the confidence of its reading public, by the law of libel which has more tentacles than a giant octopus. The marvel is that, with the instant judgment that must be exercised a thousand times a day, news accounts are right in such an amazingly large proportion.

This writer has been reporter, editor and war reporter, more commonly called war correspondent. Is a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. But of all his varied experience in journalism, he found the greatest charm and adventure in reporting--general reporting. That is, covering stories of any and all types. Perhaps a lecture tonight, tomorrow a murder, or the final game in a world series---then maybe, called out of bed, told to catch a train in an hour's time and hurry up to a big wreck more than a thousand miles away. And so on, endlessly. The general reporter's treatment and method have changed but slightly in the last decade, except that the airplane and the radio have increased the tempo tremendously.

A general reporter's field is the world. He never knows when or where he may go next. And it has been this writer's happy lot to have traveled in twenty countries, from the Tropics to Arctic wastes, the Pacific to the center of Austria, mingling with all types of humanity from crooks to kings, from GIs to generals, from Gods to admirals, from petty gamblers to hatchet men of warring Chinese tongs, from murderers and murderesses to milady's mellow moods, from elections to electrocutions, from medics to opium smokers, from happy fireside to hurricanes at sea to the rescue of wreck survivors, from war to peace conference. It has been his grand fortune, plus a tremendous amount of unusually good luck, to have covered probably a greater variety of big stories than any of his top reportorial confreres.

The reminiscences presented here are from hundreds of experiences spanning fifty years of newspaper work, swift, hard, delightful, dangerous, glamorous---glorious.

APPRECIATIONS

So many persons made it possible for me to obtain important stories, those presented here and others, I feel unequal to an adequate expression of my appreciation. I wish to record that their good offices and aid made available to me many a story I would not have obtained otherwise. Some of those, whose names ever will recall my great indebtedness are:

James Gordon Bennett, owner of the New York Herald, on which I spent nearly a quarter of a century.

Charles M. Lincoln, city editor of the Herald, who urged me to join the staff and gave me great encouragement.

Admiral Robert E. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole, who gave me exclusive interviews although I was on the opposition paper at the time.

Captain Robert A. Bartlett, Peary's navigator, "the greatest ice-master that ever lived."

Captain Roald Amundsen, first navigator of the Northwest Passage and discoverer of the South Pole.

Sir Ernest A. A. Shackleton, who attained the closest point to the South Pole about two years before Amundsen reached the goal.

Captain A. A. Dickson, of the Canadian Cable Ship Tyrian, who led me up to Peary.

Bernard M. Baruch, for advice during the First World War, and finally admitting he was the author of a fine charity that helped many war workers in financial straits, a secret that he has kept for thirty years.

Frederic R. Coudert, whose good offices and high influence obtained official permission for me to go to England and Continental areas in the First World War to represent the International News Service.

Secretary of State Robert Lansing, who gave me my passports at a time when few were issued.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, for fine credentials.

Admiral William S. Sims, for fine credentials.

Major Ross D. Whytock, chief of the New York Visa office, who speedily lowered all barriers to enable me to go overseas.

Major James Thwaites, British visa chief in New York, who discounted reports that I was anti-British.

Roy W. Howard, who vouched for me to the boarding officers at Liverpool, making easy my admission to England.

Sir Ian Key, Captain of Scotland Yard, Glenhynland, Scotland, whose name passed me through many tight situations.

John Kempton, Scotland Yard Man, at Dover, England, who facilitated my trips across the North Sea and the English Channel.

Sir Douglas Brownrigg, Chief Censor, British Admiralty, who sent me across the North Sea to Dunkirk, France, several times, and to the highly restricted mine laying base at Inverness, Scotland.

Admiral Hugh Rodman, commanding our Sixth Battle Squadron, who entertained me several times aboard his flagship the New York, and put me aboard the battleship Wyoming when the Grand Fleet went out to receive the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet.

Commander J. H. Dathan, commanding the British Demolition Unit around Ostend, Belgium, who jumped me into a safe spot in the Hotel Couronne when timed mines blew up the railroad station across the street.

Henry F. Woods, who read the first draft of my manuscript and offered welcome suggestions.

Mrs. Clifton V. Edwards, who urged me to assemble my more important experiences in a book.

Major J. S. S. Richardson, who also urged me to put my varied stories together.

Anna Wolcott Bryant, who, as a schoolmate, was the first subscriber and contributor to my youthful journalistic enterprise, the Eagle, smallest newspaper printed in this country.

Mrs. Alice Marsden Swift, who generously helped me to prepare manuscript.

Commander Robert E. Read, executive officer of the American Bombing Base at Dunkirk, my greatest aid and co-actor, who more than once risked his life with me to get news, and helped me in many other ways. Perhaps a better title to this volume would be "Read and I."

THE SMALLEST NEWSPAPER EVER

My first step toward the newspaper field---my first smell of printing ink---came when my uncle Harry Morrison, of Connersville, Indiana, sent to my brother Clifton V. Edwards and myself, a small printing press for Christmas. It was an Excelsior, hand-operated, with a chase three inches by five. That is, we could print a type form a bit under that size. A compositor on the Evening Star gave us a handful of type to play with. In it was an excellent little electrotype of an eagle. We printed a few cards and such things. Then my brother suggested:

"Why don't you get out a newspaper, a little weekly, for your school companions and the girls and boys around the neighborhood? It'll keep you busy on Saturdays, and be lots of fun."

My brother could not help much with the manual work because he was going to law school in the daytime, setting type in a printshop at night, and then studying into the wee sma' hours when he came home from work.

Right then and there I decided to be a newspaper publisher, That was going into the newspaper business right from the top down; but it was not long before I was coming in from the bottom up; and I mean bottom. We decided on a weekly paper, for school and neighborhood girls and boys and others.

What for a name? We must have something substantial

LOCALS.

The girls of the Maury School, have organized themselves into two military companies, known as the Maury Cadets.

It is expected that there will soon be a game of foot-ball, between the Athletic and Georgetown teams.

The first regular number of the EAGLE. will be issued December 6th.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE EAGLE

THE EAGLE.

Vol. 1. DECEMBER 7, 1889. No. 1.

FOOTBALL GAME.

An exciting game of football was played last Saturday between the Athletio and Blair School clubs, on the grounds near Lincoln Park.

The score was 4 to 4 at the end of the second half.

The features of the game were the running and tackling of R. Maupin of the Athletics, and Juenemann of the Blairs. Another game Thursday.

THE EAGLE.

Vol. 2. WASHINGTON, D.C., MAR. 15, 1890. No. 11.

HOME LITERARY CLUB.

The Home Literary club met at the residence of Miss Lou Ennis, 20 7th. street, S.E. The club was called to order at about 7.45 o'clock, and at the request of a majority a reelection of officers took place. Mr. Toni Kirby was elected president, Miss Anna W. Bryant vice-president, Deck Edwards secretary, and Philipp Henry Buckler was elected treasurer.

Next came the programme which consisted of a few selections prepared by some of the members.

Refreshments were served. The club adjourned at about 9.15 o'clock.

The next meeting will be held at Miss Anna Bryant's 816 East Capitol street, and will be held on Friday Mar. 28, instead of Friday March 21.

SCHOOL CONCERTS.

The concerts to be given by the schools at Oddfellows' Hall the coming Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, are said to be better than the previous school concerts.

A chorus composed of about a hundred voices will be seated on each side of the stage, and will sing select pieces by select composers.

A chorus from the Maury will sing several choice selections, among which are, "Hear the First Clear Song," "The Bulldog," and "Our Song Birds."

Besides the drilling of the Maury Cadets there will be a squad of twenty-four young ladies from the Brent School who will also drill.

The Ordway Rifles paraded last night.

These reproductions are just a fraction of an inch wider than the originals. The type size of the small Eagle was one and fifteen-sixteenths inches wide; the type size of the larger Eagle two and eleven-sixteenths inches wide.

and yet decorative. And there it was; handed to us by the Star compositor---that little cut of an eagle. So we called it The Eagle, and on December 7, 1889, the very first copy of The Eagle came flying out---Number 1, Volume 1---four pages.

It was the smallest newspaper ever printed in this country. The type facing was exactly one and fifteen-sixteenths of an inch wide and two and seven-eighths of an inch long. The sheet size was two and one-half inches wide by three and a half inches long. It was the first tabloid in this country---perhaps in the world.

The Eagle was no "hand-out" paper, no free newspaper. No, sir. It could have been admitted into the Audit Bureau of Circulations, because every copy and all advertising was paid for. There was nothing free about The Eagle; we were hard-boiled money-grabbers. Our"flag,"the editorial announcement, at the top of page 2 read:

> "Subscription rates.....one month, five cents.
> Advertisements.....One time, one cent a line.
> Editors.....D.M.Edwards and W.T.Kirby."

We two editors were each just fifteen years old and in the eighth grade school. Most of our subscribers were girls and boys around thirteen to seventeen, but we had more than twenty persons of middle age who subscribed and gave us warm encouragement.

Prior to our first regular issue, we printed a sample copy and circulated it around our school and in the neighborhood. The very first one handed out at school brought a subscription. A smiling-eyed miss looked over The Eagle quickly, reached into her pocket and pulled out a nickel. Our first subscriber; paid in advance. You betcha! Money! Five cents. We wrote down her name: "Anna Bryant", and the instructions to deliver at her

home. We did not know who she was. But there was a smile of curiosity, interest and friendliness about her that made us feel that success was right around the corner.

Soon after this, about our third issue, we received our first classified ad. It was handed to us in an envelope with three cents. Three lines. Advertising, paid, in advance. Someone had confidence in us. It read:

> "WANTED: Tablets 9 feet by 6, which size is necessary for algebra examples. A. B."

And in another envelope, another ad, with money enclosed. Five cents. Five lines. It read:

> "FOUND: At the Peabody Annex on Thurs. the 12th inst. a likeness of a pupil in the eighth grade Maury, which can be had on application to L. E. and A.B., 8th grade Maury."

We began to figure that this A. B. was our first subscriber and that L. E. was her chum. But there was some mystery about it. We could not get positive identification. Other pupils said they did'nt know. At any rate our business boomed. Some influence was at work. Our circulation jumped faster than we expected; came from all directions, and soon was more than 300. But we never increased our advertising rates. That one cent a line meant just that, whether the line was in agate, very small type, or type an inch high. Newspapers today would have hard sledding on that policy. But we didn't; things got better all the time. And then we received some small printing jobs, which jingled a little extra cash into what might have been called our exchequer---for those were hard days, full-grown men receiving only a dollar a day, when they could get work.

Just to let our readers know that it was no simple job for

~~scant~~ no
two boys, with ~~xxxxxx~~ experience, to publish our little paper, we printed this:

> "This issue contains 5,000 pieces of type metal which ~~xxx~~ have not only to be set up, but handled the second time when distributed. Our press being small only one page of The Eagle is printed at a time."

On January 4, 1890, we came out with a larger paper, double-column and twice the size of the original. The type facing now was two and three-quarters inches wide by four inches long; the sheet size was three and one-half inches wide by four and three-quarters inches long. This size made it much more difficult to handle. As before, we could print only one page at a time. We were short of enough type for two pages, so while one page was being printed, we set as much type as we had, then had to wait till the other page came off the press, and distribute the type before we could finish setting the next page.

In one issue as we were hurriedly ~~xxxx~~ making up the last page, for it was getting late that ~~xx~~ Saturday afternoon, we "pied" the type intended for a space two inches and a quarter deep. That is, we dropped it or otherwise messed it up, repeatedly. To save time, we printed four lines in black type:

> "The article ~~xxx~~ intended for this space pied five times and we are tired fooling with it."

We left the rest of the space vacant. No apologies. Talk about independence!

In another issue, we gave an account of a fire in a home close by our place. The story took up the first column of the first page and near its close was added:

"The fire was caused by a lighted cigarette being thrown

on a bed." "Does it pay to smoke cigarettes?" [illegible] our headline.

In the afternoon the son of the owner of the house came to us in a dither:

"My dad says someone got some news about ~~xxxxxx~~ our fire and that it was caused by a cigarette. He says you mustn't print that. It isn't true."

"Well, the first page has gone to press. Tell your dad we'll make a correction."

So, on our last page we printed:

"Since our first page went to press we have learned that the fire in No. 20 8th Street was caused by a defective flue and not by a lighted cigarette as stated."

That was one advantage of printing pages separately. Print anything you wanted on the first page; deny it on the last page.

We two were the editors, reporters, editorial writers, compositors, pressmen, printer's devils, janitors, newsboys and subscriptions collectors. We worked Friday afternoons and late nights, and started in early Saturday mornings. When we got out the last ~~xxxxxx~~ issue we had to distribute more than 300 copies. That took a lot of sprinting. Walker Babson, another schoolmate, helped us with the deliveries. We paid him ten cents a week---that is for trotting around for one hour distributing our papers---and he thought it was fun at that.

It was not long before ~~xxxx~~ we were receiving numerous compliments, and many letters. And baskets of fruit, some of which we suspected came from A. B. or L. E., our first advertisers. We also suspected them of being very efficient propagandists for

us. We received from time to time, invitations like this:

"Miss ---- ------ is giving a party next Saturday evening and would be pleased if you would send a reporter."

Of course a reporter went. Two reporters. The two editors. The whole staff. Times were not so good in those days and a feast of delicacies, like ice-cream and cake, was a real treat. We worked like troopers to get out our paper---and arrived at our party with the last paper to be delivered. Of course, we always published a list of "Among those present." The girls and boys liked to see their names in print, just as to this day the big girls and big boys like to see their names in print. It's good business for any man's newspaper!

With one invitation to a lovely New Year's party came a big basket of fruit, with request for a reporter. Our whole staff, including employees---one employe---the two editors and our helper went. When the door was opened by a charming, smiling miss, we were so confused by the galaxy of feminine charms inside and the enthusiastic greeting to The Eagle staff, that we lost our nerve, took a list of those present, and retreated. A day or so later, we received this poem:

"Three
~~Two~~ young gents a calling went;
All on a New Year's Day.
They lost their wits at the crowds they saw
And ran a square away."

Of course we publsihed that---first page, top column---black type---Headed " A Fact."

Many other poems came through the mail from our young girl and boy subscribers, and we thought they were good. One read:

"An Eagle eye is everywhere;
At home, abroad,
At party, club and drill.

This awful little masher
Attends the doings on the Hill.

"An Eagle quill records the news;
Its wings they sweep the sky.
And with might and courage full
This newsy bird doth fly."

These poems never were signed. We suspected that most of them were written by A. B. or L. E., whom we credited with being our grand boosters, but every time we tried to pin them down to an admission of authorship these two young misses only gave us beautiful, evasive smiles, and told us what fine weather we were having. But it was a suspicious coincidence that almost every time we received a basket of fruit and reported a party the names of two misses with the intials A. B. and L. E. were ~~always~~ "among those present." Lovely propagandists on the anonymous side! But they did not remain in ~~secretx~~ secret much longer. We definitely established that these two girls were Anna Bryant and Lou Ennis. They were two of the most popular girls in school and whatever they did attracted many followers.

Then came the end of the school term and summer vacations. We closed down the paper and went into camp in the country. There, in a tent, and writing on a pine box, I prepared a story for the Washington Star, a short account of some festive occasion at Herndon, Virginia, where we were camping. The Star published it in full, and sent me a check for three dollars. My first payment for writing!

Through the summer I managed to scrape up a few dollars by turning in news briefs and articles "on space," five dollars a column, to the two daily papers, but mostly to the Washington Post, whose managing editor was Scott C. Bone, later Governor of Alaska.

~~of Alaska.~~ I was in the Post city room every morning before the staff came in. Mr. Bone, thinking I was one of the staff, gave me my first assignment, which netted four dollars. On four other short stories which I covered with speed that morning, I got good space, and altogether made fourteen dollars that day. Then Mr. Bone learned I was "only on space" and my average weekly earnings ran from three dollars to five or six a week.

Early in 1894, the whole country was in the throes of a panic. Hundreds of printers were out of work. They were walking the streets. Frank Hatton and Beriah Wilkins, owners of the Post, had just moved their paper into a fine new building. They generously offered the old Post building to the unemployed printers for any use they could make of it. The printers assembled in a big meeting and voted to publish a daily newspaper. It was to be hand-set. That would give work to many.

They decided to call it the Washington Times. Marshall Cushing, editor of the Capital, a breezy and informative weekly, was engaged as editor. Emory Foster, city editor of the Post, was engaged as managing editor. One day he said to me:

"Son, I'm going over to run this new paper the Times. How would you like to go along with me as my star reporter?"

"Fine," I replied.

"At seven dollars a week?" he questioned, smiling.

"I'll be glad to start at that, or anything, as your star reporter." And I went.

Emory Foster was a trim, handsome man of about thirty-five, of polished manner. But he had steely gray eyes that told you it would be almost impossible to "put anything over

on him." He was brilliant, dynamic, tireless, and exuded energy.

We got out the first edition of the Washington Times March 18, 1894. It has been published continuously ever since. Today it is the Times-Herald, a $12,000,000 property. We had poor equipment for a newspaper, and a very lean treasury, but we had the Associated Press Service. So, we managed, and the sheet was welcomed, even by the long-established Star and Post.

Two weeks after our first issue, Foster told me:

"Son, it's going to be tough, but you stick along and I'll do the best I can for you. I'm raising your salary today to twelve dollars a week."

"Thanks, I'll stick," I mumbled. Two weeks after that he raised me to eighteen dollars a week. That was money! For in those panic days men all over the country were getting only one dollar a day, when they could get work!

There were only three other reporters, and we had to hustle to get out a daily paper. Twelve to fifteen hours a day was my usual stunt, and I loved it! Fifteen to twenty cups of black coffee a day to keep me at top speed. I would take several copies of the paper home and place them on the breakfast table for the folks. I was proud to show two or three of my stories leading the front page, with others starting there and continued in back.

Front page! To a newspaper man, that's like an actress getting her name in the big lights on Broadway. I was front page stuff, even if it was on a paper in its swaddling clothes.

Newspapers said some harsh things of people in those days; particularly if a person was tangling with the law. When I look over the clippings, I have to smile and wonder how we ever

kept from being sued for millions of dollars for slander, libel, and circulating gratuitous characterizations that wouldn't be fit to print today. We called a crook a crook, a spade a spade, a jade a jade, a Jezebel a Jezebel.

Our city editor was Jack Evans, from somewhere in Kentucky. Like many persons from that state he had a penchant for bourbon. We had a little negro copy boy by the name of John Jackson George Washington Scott. He was half as tall as his name was long; squat, sleepy-eyed, black as tar. We called him Midnight.

Evans was a steam engine for work; always at top speed; always one hundred percent capable. One morning after he had put in a very hard night, he sent Midnight out to get him something to drink. When the boy came back, he seated himself on the edge of the wastepaper basket at Evans' elbow. Stared steadily at him, noting his pale, tired features. Evans burst out laughing:

"What are you looking at, Midnight?"

"Mist' Ebans, you doan look so goodt' me. Why you always drink dat stuff when it aint gwine do you no good nowhow? My ole gran'mammy say doan nobody but pore white trash drink rum, an' you aint no pore white trash 'cause you kin read an' write an' is got book learnin'."

Almost every morning, after the paper went to press, Midnight lectured Evans on the evils of drink. Evans, instead of showing displeasure, likedit. One morning, after a short sermon from Midnight, Evans said:

"Why do you talk to me like that, you lazy little nigger?"

"Look hyar Mist' Ebans. I aint no lazy nigger. When I gits done hyar, dats only de begincement oo my work. I sells papers till eight oclock an' den goes home an' sweeps out Mist' Dobbins drugsto' 'cross de street. Den I goes t' mawnin' school an' goes home an' sleeps till fo' oclock an' gits down t' dis offis at ha'f pas' fo.' Dat's why I sleep on dat pile o' papers. But I always sleeps wid one eye open, an' you neveh has t' call me twict---is you? I aint never had no daddy an' no mamy fo' de longes' time 'cause dey bofe got friz t' def in ~~de~~ dat bluzzard what come six years ago. You 'member dat bluzzard? I bin takin' care o' gran'mammy all dis time 'cause she aint got nobody else. She say you am a good man, but rum aint gwine t' keep you dataway!"

Evans looked rather solemn for a while, then he took a drink.

Midnight walked away saying: "Ef I was white you'd lissen t' me!"

Night after night, Midnight sat on the waste basket, taking Evans to task in his boyish way. After some dozen lectures, he said:

"Mist' Ebans, my ole gran'mammy say she aint gwine t' live long now. She tole me t' ask you t' do somethin' fo' her befo' she goes."

"What's that, Midnight?"

"She say please doan drink no mo' rum. Please do dat fo' her. Please, she say. Please. Dat all she say!"

Evans leaned back in his chair, looking steadily at Midnight. A solemn, kindly expression came over his face.

"Midnight, tell her I won't!" he said with a suspicion of unsteadiness in his voice.

He took out a five-dollar bill and handed it to Midnight.

"Take that and buy sometning for her. Thank her for me."

We never saw him take another drink.

In those days the Times had no type-setting machines, as it was all hand set. There were thousands and thousands of small pieces of type that had to be picked up separately and put together; approximately 7,000 pieces to a column or something around 50,000 pieces to a page. All this type had to be assembled in columns and locked in the page chases, big frames of steel and lead, weighing about 150 pounds each. These were carried from the composing room on the upper floor by two powerful negroes to the elevator, one chase to a man, down to the bottom floor, and then to the press-room up the street. One night, just after midnight, as we were about to put the paper to press, one of the negroes walked into the city room. In each hand he carried a bucket, full of type. He walked up to Evans.

"What you-all want me t' do wid dis, boss?"

Evans looked at the buckets.

"My Gawd!"

"Whassa matter, boss?"

"What's that? Don't tell me, I know. What happened?"

"Well, it's disaway, boss. Me an' Jim was jus' crossin' de alley when a milk wagon come tearin' out an' we had t' jump. We ~~drop~~ drapped dem two chases!"

"I see you did!"

"But, boss, look. It's all right dere, in dem buckets---

WHEN COXEY CAME TO WASHINGTON

As the panic of '93 waxed, the whole country was in a turmoil. Hundreds of thousands of men were out of work, and were in an ugly mood. Dollar-a-day wages were being paid---where work could be obtained. Bread lines were all over the nation. The situation was growing worse every day.

Congress was wracking its brains for some cure for the economic epidemic. None appeared in the offing. Yet heroic treatment was obligatory to stave off national chaos and collapse.

Out of the gloom came a man from Massillon, Ohio, with an idea. He was Jacob Sechler Coxey. He was little known nationally, but was the owner of sandstone quarries and large stock-breeding farms, and generally reputed to be a very wealthy man. He had ideas that he thought would benefit the nation. He had no axe to grind, and he thought he could spend a bit of his money to help people get back to work.

His plan consisted of two bills for Congress, a plan much like that favored by the American Federation of Labor at the time. One of these bills proposed that the Government print $500,000,000 in bonds, which should be legal tender for all debts, and spend $20,000,000 a month on building up the roads all over the country. This would put hundreds of thousands of unemployed back to work. The road building would be done under the direction of the United States Army. He stipulated that the pay should be not less

than $1.50 per day for common labor and $3.50 per day for team and labor; that eight hours ~~xxxxxx~~ should constitute a day's labor.

A companion measure, to help cities and communities, when provided that such communities "deem it necessary to make any public improvements, they shall deposit with the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, a non-interest-bearing, twenty-five year bond, not to exceed one-half the assessed valuation of the property" in such communities, "said bond to be retired at the rate of four percent per annum."

"Whenever the foregoing section of this act has been complied with, it shall be mandatory upon the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to have engraved and printed, treasury notes in the denomination of one, two, five, ten and twenty dollars each, which shall be a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, to the face value of said bond, and deliver to the said state or other community ninety-nine percent of said notes, and retain one percent for expense of engraving and printing the same.

Coxey's good roads plan would have been a boon in the development of the country, for the automobile age came six or seven years later. Unquestionably, his good roads would have been of great military value in the two great wars. Even in the last war, important army trains became blocked or slowed down by poor roads, or roads that were too narrow for the emergency. But the financing was the stumbling block. It called for fiat money, half a billion dollars of printed money, made legal tender by law yet with no real collateral back of it. His plan to finance the communities out of the Government till would have put the

Government into the loan business, "taken profits away from individual investors, and the Government would have held mortgages on one-half of the property in the country."

"State socialism!" The cry went up from every quarter. Coxey was criticised severely. Ridiculed, even by some of those he sought to aid. So, he would move on Congress. He would lead thousands of unemployed from every part of the country to Washington. He would have ~~1000~~ 100,000 men! Maybe more. He quickly lined up adherents all over. As far apart as Sacramento, California, and Rutland, Vermont; Seattle, Washington, and Atlanta, Georgia. Newspapers quickly carried stories from all sections. One thousand were leaving from there; ~~x~~ 500 from here; 2,000 from some other place. It began to look as if he really would have 100,000.

Washington was becoming jittery at the prospect of a great demonstration by men and women in ugly mood. The newspapers did little to allay fears; called the coming men tramps and bums. Perhaps there would be raids. Robbery. Riots. Bloodshed. The police department imported extra guns in anticipation. It prepared well for any trouble. Residents on the outskirts of the city kept their doors locked. Strengthened their back fences and barricaded the gates. Many obtained dogs from the city pound to be on guard in the back yards.

This was to be a "big story". More excitement than quiet Washington had seen in years. Good fortune smiled on me again. Emory ~~xxxx~~ Foster called me to his desk.

"Son," he said, "this will be a big story, no matter how it turns out. You cover it. I should have two others on

it, but you know we just haven't the men. You'll have to do it alone. Just one word of instruction. Other papers are calling these men bums, thieves, tramps. There may be bums and thieves among them, but don't condemn all because of a few. We already have some tramps and bums here, probably some right up on Capitol Hill. Work with the detectives; there'll be plenty of them there. It's a tough job, but go to it."

This was my first "big story" assignment. Time meant nothing now, food meant nothing---a cup of black coffee now and then---sleep meant nothing. Fifteen or eighteen hours a day meant nothing.

Coxey left Massillon March 25, 1894. He had only 75 men when he started, but papers reported he was picking up hundreds on the way to Washington. He called his marchers the Army of the Commonweal. Then the newspapers carried briefs from all over, ~~xxxxxxxx~~ under the heading "Telegraphic Coxyanna." "General" Kelley was leaving Omaha, Neb., with 1,600 men. San Bernardino, Cal., was sending 250 men. Brush, Colo., 100. Tacoma, Wash., 50. Sacramento, Cal., 1,160. Hillsboro, N.D., 75. Columbus, O., 200. Chicago, Ill., 200. Biddeford, Me., 75. Indianapolis, Ind., 400. And so on, from various locations. And, among the dispatches, this:

> "Springfield, Mass., April 27. Major Rexford, of the United States Armory here, has shipped to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington, 65 carbines and 100 rifles, 45 caliber."

The Coxey fever surely ~~was~~ spread pretty well around the nation. An oysterman sailed from Bivalve, N.J., with his schooner loaded with oysters and food for the Coxey men. From Provincetown, Mass., the "Holmes Navy" was sailing to Washington.

Almost every day news dispatches reported new groups from other cities and towns, and it looked as if there would be many thousands converging on the National Capital for May 1, the demonstration day. And "Citizen" Redstone, the Washington organizer, announced that 10,000 Commonwealers of his territory would be ready to join with the marchers on their way to the Capitol.

On April 28 the Army was about five miles northwest of Washington. Vague reports credited it with having several thousand marchers.

At four oclock the morning of April 29 I got up, walked across town to the old horse-carline, took the first car out and rode to the terminal on the western edge of the city. Then I walked out the dusty road for two miles and met the army coming in. There were just 336 men of the army that was supposed to have thousands, tens of thousands. I mingled with the men. Instead of a sullen, riotous crowd, I found it was a tired, bedraggled, poorly-clothed and poorly-fed army of unfortunate men. Not one of them asked me for a penny.

The army camped in the old Brightwood Driving Park, on the northwest corner of the city. It was led by Carl Browne, who called himself "Secretary, J. S. Coxey Good Roads Association of the United States, and Marshal of the Commonweal." Browne was medium-height, stocky, energetic, cordial; but snifty in manner. He talked of reformers, Theosophists, reincarnation, capitalists and "money-bags" and of the latter in bitter terms.

"I believe that a part of the soul of Christ happened to come into my being by reincarnation," he told me. "I believe also



Miss Mamie Coxey; photograph taken in 1894 soon after her arrival in Washington by Bell, the veteran photographer.



Mrs. Jacob Sechler Coxey and baby; photograph taken soon after her arrival in 1894 by Bell, Washington's veteran photographer.

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that another part of Christ's soul is in Brother Coxey."

He liked to talk like that. He went on:

"We firmly believe now that the time of fulfillment of prophecy is near at hand, and that all those in this procession to Washington will be the humble instruments through which the second Babylon---the Money Power of Usury---is to fall, and that the second coming of Christ is now here; that His coming is not in the flesh of any one being, but reincarnated in the souls of all those who wish to establish a co-operative government through such legislation as this proposes."

Coxey came in with his beautiful wife and baby. And his blue-eyed blonde daughter Mamie, about eighteen. I had dinner in their tent with them that day, and often afterwards. They acted and conversed like members of the average American family in prosperous circumstances. Without ceremony. Without show. Coxey impressed me as sincere and genuinely interested in helping less fortunate men than he. He talked without reserve, as if he really believed his scheme would help the unemployed.

Mamie ~~Coxey~~ Coxey was a charming picture, in tailor-made white flannel suit, with a big red bow-tie in a white turn-down collar. Her head was crowned with thick golden hair that fanned down over her back and spread from shoulder to shoulder. A blue turban sat slightly back from her forehead. It had a long wide tail of white with a pom-pom at the end and nestling in her hair on one shoulder. She was as glamorous as any movie queen of today. She and her mother did not talk good-roads or Government bonds, but chatted about womanly things like any other normal mother and daughter.

The big demonstration at the Capitol and the drive on Congress came on May 1. Permission had been given by the police for a parade up Pennsylvania to the Capitol grounds; but the marchers were forbidden to carry banners and enter the grounds in a body. Browne's orders for the day, which he signed as "Marshal of the Commonweal of Christ," announced:

"At 12 oclock Brother Coxey and myself will talk upon the Capitol steps."

At the front of the parade: "Miss Mamie Coxey, representing the Angel of Peace. Dress white, necktie red, with silver heart. Liberty cap blue, with silver letters Peace."

And reading down, the orders stated:

"Commonweal American Flag.

"Banner of Christ.

"Banners---Faith, Hope and Justice. The cerebrum of the Commonweal.

"Banner---Co-operation, the cerebellum of the Commonweal.

"Banner---The medula oblongata and all other parts of the reincarnated Christ in the whole people.

"Banner---Christ is our leader.

"Panorama wagon---The great financial conspiracy.

"Miss Virginia Lavalette---Goddess of Liberty.

"Philadelphia Commune, Christopher Columbus Jones, Marshal.

(Browne referred to various units of the parade as Commune A, B, C, D, E, and F.)

When the parade left Brightwood, with Coxey at the head, there were about 500 in the line. As it moved, others joined in, coming from various points, single and in small groups. Some had

their belongings in small bundles. Others carried small packages dangling from sticks; and there were sticks over shoulders with tin cans at the end. It was a ragged army. Most of the men looked badly worn, tired out, and doubtful of what they were about to do. There was no disturbance along the line of march.

When the parade reached the Capitol grounds there were not more than five or six thousand in line. They dispersed, or rather broke ranks, and as individuals walked up to the front of the Capitol building, on the east side. Curious on-lookers gathered all about the wide plaza. All together there were something around twelve to fifteen thousand people, with the curious forming an irregular crescent around the Commonwealers. I had a seat on the Capitol steps back of the Chief of Police, Major W. J. Moore. Coxey and Browne and Christopher Columbus Jones, approached the wide, flaring steps. Major Moore stopped them at the bottom.

"We wish to enter Congress and present our bills," Coxey announced. His Commonwealers started forward slowly.

"That is against the law. You cannot enter as the leaders of this army."

"We demand the right, under the Constitution of the United States," Browne said. He made a signal to his men. They started forward as Coxey and Browne put their feet on the first step.

Major Moore gave a signal, too. Instantly scores of policemen, detectives, Capitol guards, and three or four mounted policemen, former members of the famed Tenth Cavalry, whirled into action. They went into the ranks of the Commonwealers,

scattering them. The curious public fled like chickens before a storm. The Commonwealers were chased, booted and tapped, in groups, in pairs and singly, across the plaza, over the lawns and out of the Capitol grounds. They fled in all directions. It seemed hardly more than half an hour before the plaza was cleared of all but a hundred of the curious public. Not a Commonwealer was seriously hurt in the melee.

Major Moore immediately placed Coxey, Browne and Jones under arrest. Half an hour later, they were in the Black Maria and on their way to the city jail two miles east of the Capitol. They were sentenced to twenty days' imprisonment for bearing banners in the Capitol grounds. In addition, a fine of $5 or ten days imprisonment in default of payment, was imposed on Coxey and Browne for trespass onn the Capitol grass.

That was the end of the Coxey Army.

But not of the Coxey ideas. Our national progress has demonstrated he was fifty years ahead of his time as regards his road building program. For his good roads campaign, five or six years after he made his futile attempt to present that and his financial plan to Congress, came strongly to the forefront with the advent of the automobile. The whole nation became road-conscious---and road-demanding. And Mr. Coxey has seen our national and state transportation systems develop from the dirt, boggy roads of his day to six-lane speedways traversing every state.

Perhaps his financial formulas also were fifty years ahead of their time. Perhaps their great value has been overlooked or misunderstood for years, but applicable today. They may still

~~have value for just last A~~

have value, and, just last April, important committees of Congress saw fit to have him before them to explain his ideas. In strong voice, he held the rapt attention of both Senators and Congressmen for two hours despite his ninety-four years.

Congress wouldn't listen to him fifty-four years ago.

But Congress listens to him today!

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Some months later an offer of a job came to me from the Associated Press, and it was a step on the road to the big time newspapers of New York. The A. P. wanted a "manifolder," and the offer was made through Emory Foster, my managing editor.

"What's a manifolder?"

"A manifolder, in plain words, is a typist." Charley Boynton (Charles H. Boynton, night manager of the A.P.) telephoned me about it and said he would offer you the job if it was all right with me."

"But I don't want to be a typist!"

"No, and I don't want you to leave my paper. But, I won't stand in your way of getting ahead. It is going to be a long, tough pull here. No real salaries for two or three years, maybe more. The A. P. gets you into the bigger and more important class of stories. Here in Washington you will be reading and typing about the men who are running the Nation. And on your day off you can go up to the Capitol and pick up some interesting stories and syndicate them to papers around the country. You can easily earn quite a bit more than you are doing here."

Entering the A. P. office several nights later to take over, the clicking of the telegraph instruments and typewriters sounded like a continuous rattle of lead shot on glass. I soon realized that a manifolder had to have quite a punch. The copy,

in those days, was the old-time "flimsy," that is done on tissue paper, thirty or forty copies at once, with double-faced carbons. These pads were fed into the typewriter by a "book boy" who slid them into a specially contrived tin feeder, which traveled back and forth with the roller. This feeder weighed about four pounds, naturally calling for stronger tension to pull it, with a corresponding stiffnes of the keys. It took far more than the ordinary finger pressure for the impression to go through to the last page---a good stiff poke. The first seven or eight copies were full of holes, made by the o, the i, the l and some others. The ~~x~~ editors were required to paste up each tissue sheet on a separate piece of paper, and smooth out the holes, before editing. Today, of course, this is all done away with, and the news is reeled off by a battery of automatic machines operated by telegraph from the press association offices.

Soon I saw how "top reporters" worked. The two Capitol men were Charlie Thompson and Howard Thompson, no relation. The former was methodical, professorial, wrote clearly and slowly by hand. The latter was quick, dynamic. His writing was a peculiar scrawl that was a cross between shorthand, hieroglyphics and a Chinese laundry ticket. For the phrase "of the" he'd use a mark like a u and an n hooked together. For "the" just a convex. For "a" a dot or dash. For the United States Senate, the letters U S and S with wiggly lines between. For "Washington" just Wash and a wiggle. And so on.

Other manifolders hated to receive Howard Thompson's copy. But his scrawl was so much like my own hurried writing that I could decipher it quite ~~easily~~ readily. And soon, instead of

writing laboriously by hand, tnough swiftly, he dictated to me straight on the typewriter. That saved a great deal of time.

And then I got my first "interview" with a President. Congress was adjourned that day. The office assigned me to go down to the dock of the Mayflower, the White House yacht, to report the safe departure ~~ag~~ of Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson for a fishing trip down at Four-Mile-Run, a small ~~estuary~~ estuary of the Potomac between Washington and Alexandria. I had several of these assignments. The President always greeted me with a cheery:

"How are you, son?"

"Very well, thank you Mr. President. I hope you have good luck."

"Thank you, son! Joe always brings good luck."

Twelve-word interview, but it was with a President.

Being on night duty, there was plenty of opportunity in the daytime to go up around the Capitol and other government offices, to ferret out features to syndicate, like "Fads of Congressmen." That was when "Sockless" Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, displayed his big bare ankles on top of his desk. Wilkinson Call, of Florida, on the contrary, ~~displayed~~ exhibited his adorned in flaming red and white socks. Vice-President Adlai Stevenson never had his shoes blacked, except on state occasions, and even then often had to be reminded. Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, always wore cravats of robin-egg blue, which he discarded after wearing them once.

Another feature went well, "Odd Names of Pensioners." These were names of persons actually on the government rolls receiving pensions, such as: Jane Shriekinggoat, Henry Pancake,

Mary Grasshopper, Preserved Ireland, Mexico Wasnington, Alfred Constantinople, Minerva Hatchet, John Hammer, George Ax, Peter Beets, Susan Cale, John Garlick, Daniel Mustard, Pleasant Green Swan, and, written with a hyphen, A-dam Buzzard. Also David Tadpole, Cochran Roach, Amos Hogg and James Pigg.

Late in '96, Charlie Boynton asked me:

"How would you like to go to New York? I can arrange it with Uppermann (William B. Uppermann) the day manager) It'll be tough work, but fine for you. If you don't like it, come right back here. Uppermann's a good friend of mine. I'll pass along a good word."

As I was leaving for New York, the chief sourpuss of the office, gave me a cheerful farewell.

"Good bye and good luck. But you'll starve to death in New York," he predicted.

Uppermann put me to work in the city room, which rattled like a boiler-shop. Soon moved me over as assistant to the cable editor, C.W.Livingstone. Livingstone seemed to me to have a mind as full as an encyclopedia. From a fifty word cable he could dictate a story of 200, 500 or more words with ease and fluency. And with such accuracy one would think he was sitting in an office in Fleet Street, or the center of Paris or Rome. I developed a long-distance acquaintance with kings and queens, lords and ladies, princes and paupers from his dictation.

Dr. Oscar Watson, big, gruff, positive, came in as night city editor. I was moved over to assist him. His greeting was a quick motion of his hand indicating "Sit down and go to work." I thought I was in the hands of a tyrant, but before long I found

he had a heart as big as a pumpkin.

Watson at first carefully prepared copy from galley proofs of the big papers. Then handed it over to me to copy. After a while he found I could keep up with his dictation. He would lean back in his swivel chair, cock his feet on my typewriter table, and dictate while he smoked the vilest smelling pipe ever. His dictation became faster and faster, until we would turn out copy at 100 words a minute for half an hour at a stretch. I sensed what he was doing, knew I had a little more speed, and began to type to his dictation with the cadence and rhythm of beating a drum. I always had a few seconds here and there to catch up with him as he hurriedly read down his proof to pick out the essentials of the story. One night, after a fast workout, he stopped, and hulked big over the desk, his heavy walrus-like mustache jiggling.

"Don't you ever get tired?" he demanded, grinning. "Don't you ever slow up. Dammit I can't get ahead of you at any time. Now, I'm going to have Uppermann make you assistant night city editor You'll sit in for me on my nights off and run this desk. I'll come down the first Saturday night and give you a start."

Saturday nights were the meanest of all. Great rafts of proofs of the Sunday papers came in and there always was a chance of missing an important story buried in a lot of trivial stuff. Watson helped me wonderfully and Uppermann gave me the O.K.

Those were not days of prosperity. About that time Lynn S. Abbott, eastern representative of the Womans Home Companion and Farm and Fireside, published by the Crowell & Kirkpatrick Company, Springfield, Illinois, offered me a little daytime job. It was a chance to learn something about magazines and advertising.

Paid ten dollars a week. Hours, nine to five. I trotted around trying to sell advertising in the mornings and did office work until five. Then I closed the office, spread newspapers on the floor and slept until 5.30, when the postman came and woke me. I would freshen up a bit, go over to Dolan's famous beef an' lunchroom, and get thirty cents worth of corned beef and beans, coffee and buttercakes.

Occasionally I'd go to Hitchcock's a rival beanery, but, no one ever made such buttercakes as Dolan. We called them sinkers. They were four inches in diameter, more than an inch fat, browned on top and bottom, deliciously stringy and spongy, but cooked thoroughly. The imitators came along, like Dennett's and Childs, but they didn't get within hailing distance of the perfection of Dolan's Irish sinkers. Besides the sinkers, Dolan served only corned beef, ham, beans, pies and doughnuts, coffee, tea and milk. But he had sinker artistry that no one could match, and they were three for a nickel. And excellent coffee a nickel; tea and milk a nickel; a slab of corned beef for 15 cents that would cost 60 cents today; corned beef and beans, 20 cents; ham an', 20 cents; and two big slabs of butter on each table--- help yourself.

At six oclock at night I was in the A.P. office, beating the typewriter until two in the morning. Then I slept on a pile of papers in the delivery room until 8, cleaned up, got breakfast generally at Dolan's and went to work at nine. Half-day Saturdays and all Sundays gave me plenty of rest. I kept at this ~~jobx~~ double-job for nine months.

In July 1897 there was a sudden revival of attempts to

reach the North Pole. Probably the most dramatic of all was made by Salomon Auguste Andree, of Sweden, and two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Hjalmar Ferdinand Fraenkel, the two latter baloonists and civil engineers. Andree had a belief that a trade wind at certain times of summer blew directly from Spitzbergen to the North Pole. For the attempt he had constructed the largest balloon ever built. The gas bag was 75 feet from top to bottom; the whole contrivance, 97 feet from the top of the balloon to the bottom of the wicker car. Indestructible buoys were carried. Every piece of the expedition's equipment that could break apart was stamped.

Andree and his companions left Spitzbergen, July 11, 1897, as a group of scientists watched them from the island with telescopes. The big bag sailed smoothly, direct towards the Pole, until out of sight. Two carrier pigeons were released when Andree was apparently 200 miles away from Spitsbergen and still headed for the Pole in a straight line, then about 300 miles away. Then silence.

Three or four days later papers carried reports that his balloon had been seen floating at sea off North Cape, at the northern tip of Norway. North Cape was 800 miles in a direct line from where Andree had been seen last through the telescopes. From there, around Spitzbergen and across the North Atlantic to Sweden about 1,000 miles.

Doc Watson threw a clipping over to me:

"What do you think of that? It looks crazy to me. Pretty fast balloon. What about the currents? What about the ice? Go look it up. Looks like you can get a good mail story

out of that. Make some nice money."

Encyclopedias and gazeteers showed that it would be impossible for the balloon to drift that distance, even if it had clear water. It was the season of loose ice and floes. If the balloon had come down in the ice it would have been ground to pieces. My speculative story, holding that it ~~xxxxx~~ was too early to expect any word from Andree, was printed in fourteen papers. With it I sent a yarn on the Klondike Gold Rush and also one about a big college boat race coming off on the Hudson River. I netted more than $150 for that day's work---on Doc Watson's suggestion.

Not a trace of the Andree expedition, or a single indestructible buoy, or stamped piece of wreckage, ever has been found. In a book I wrote twelve years later, I concluded that Andree and his companions had been forced down by accumulations of snow on their balloon and blown backward; also that their bodies probably would be found on the Greenland ice-cap or on some other ice-covered land of the Polar Sea. About eighteen years after publication of the book, the bodies of Andree, Strindberg and Fraenkel were found on ~~Xxxx~~ Franz Josef Land. The balloon wicker car was intact, although battered; but the balloon fabric was torn to shreds.

On June 30, 1900, the terrible Hoboken fire started, and the office assigned me to cover it for the night story. Three ships of the North German Lloyd Line and the big docks were afire. When I arrived the vessels had been shoved out into the middle of the Hudson River to prevent further spread of the conflagration. Most of the crews of the Main and Bremen had escaped; other sailors had jumped into the river. Nearly all of them were rescued by

small boats and they were landing the dripping men at the shore.

But on the Saale there were more than a hundred passengers in the third cabin or steerage, who were trapped below decks. The fire was over them, and all around them. The steps and all passageways to the upper decks were aflame. There was no escape. The portholes were too small for adults to squeeze through. From the docks we could see heads poked through the portholes, then withdrawn. Then a child's head, but the body was too large and was drawn back.

"Get water and food," a tugboat captain yelled. "Get all you can. I'll tow this barge out. Those people are trapped. We at least can get them food and water."

By this time several priests and ministers had arrived. We all got aboard the tugboat and pulled out alongside the Saale. Smoke was pouring from the ship's portholes. Flames were flashing inside the ship. Heart-rending shrieks came from inside. We passed in water and food.

Fireboats came and turned great streams on the Saale. In moments, when no face appeared at a porthole, a splash of water was thrown in, but the volume was so small it had no effect. The hose could not be turned full at the porthole as the force of the water would have killed anyone there.

A woman appeared at one porthole:

"Please shoot us! Please shoot---"

A curl of flame shot up around the woman and she dropped back, screaming.

A man appeared at another porthole. He spoke calmly.

"It will be merciful for you to shoot us. No one can

get out. They're all burning to death, a horrible death."

We didn't need to be told that, for the ghastly cries and shrieks of the women and children, and the dying groans of the doomed could be heard only too plainly.

A child was shoved through a porthole. She was almost too large, but they dragged her through, tearing her clothes and her shoulders terribly, but she was saved. One or two other little children were brought through. They were sent ashore in small boats.

The priests and ministers passed up and down, giving the trapped passengers such little comfort as they could. Presently all was quiet inside the ship. No one was alive. The tugboat the returned to dock with the barge.

All through the day and night the fireboats poured tons of water on the red-hot Saale. The next day they had subdued the flames sufficiently to cool off a part of the upper deck to enable them to go aboard with their hoselines. They heard a tapping, at the top of an escape flue from the boiler-room. A heavy piece of metal pinned the top of the hatch down. The firemen pried it off and opened the hatch.

Three men were there, one above the other. alive, They had been in that red-hot spot for twenty-four hours or more. The first man was brought out, blind; his eyes burned out. The second was speechless, his tongue swollen and paralyzed. The third man was in fair condition, as he had been farther below the terrific heat than the others.

The fire lasted about three days. Altogether 145 persons lost their lives, most of them burned to death, a score or more drowned after jumping overboard from the Saale and the other ships.

No more horrible fire has occurred in New York. It has been my lot in this business to have witnessed a murder, a suicide, a hanging, an electrocution, men killed in war, and victims of other tragedies, but no story in my ken ever was as terrible and ghastly as the Hoboken fire. I received a bonus of $50 for my work; but, if I had my choice, I would not cover another similar story for any amount.

WILD DAYS OF JOURNALISM

"Wait a minute. Don't hang up your coat and hat until you see if you've been fired. Look in your letterbox!"

Bramwell Davis speaking. We were just entering the city room of the New York American for our regular stint as copy-readers, when he suggested this precaution. So, we looked in our letter boxes, for in those days the American hired men fast and fired them fast, and the victim's discharge notice usually was found in his letter box when he came in.

That was in February, 1901, the wildest days in New York Journalism. Every paper was fighting every other paper, and there were far more papers compared with the population than there are today. The morning papers, ranked in power and influence about in this order: the New York Herald, the New York Sun, the New York World, the New York Tribune, the New York Times, the New York American, the New York Press, the Wall Street Journal, the Journal of Commerce, the Advertiser, and the Commercial. The evening papers in similar order were: The Evening Sun, the World, the Journal, the Telegram, the Globe and the Post.

Seventeen papers for a population then of 3,500,000---until Frank A. Munsey came along, bought up papers and killed them overnight. Whatever was Munsey's idea in destroying newspapers never has been made quite clear; but it followed somewhat the pattern of the German raiders in World War One---"Sunk without a

trace!" He sank papers made great by such powerful journalists as James Gordon Bennett, Charles A. Dana, Horace Greeley and Joseph Pulitzer. Compared with those outstanding publishers, men of vision and real ability, Munsey's record fades almost into obscurity. He left $32,000,000 to armless Venuses and famous paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but little love in the hearts of the newspaper fraternity.

There was at least one man that Munsey and his millions could not down. That was William Randolph Hearst. Hearst had entered New York with an idea that "raised merry hell" in the newspaper field. It was that since capable newspaper men must have a fair background in intelligence, education and knowledge, they should be paid accordingly, instead of the small salaries they were receiving. He started raising salaries, not very much at first but it was a healthy beginning. He had many other startling ideas. In and out of the business he was vilified as a yellow journalist, ignorant of the newspaper business, the playboy of a wealthy man with millions to play with. But Hearst was an organizer, and he could write. I am told that today every editorial that appears in his papers signed "William Randolph Hearst" is actually written by him. And he is eighty-four years old.

Hearst believed in surrounding himself with men big and able in the business. His top man was Samuel Chamberlain, regarded by many of his competitors as the most brilliant newspaper executive in New York at the time. And he had also, Richard Farrelly, Herbert Randall, Charles Edwin Russell, and Fred A. Eldridge, as managing editors with something around $20,000 salaries each---three or four managing editors at a time. Charles Sutherland,

the night editor, the man who puts the paper to bed with his eye on every page, every headline, every illustration, every column, to check just before it is shoved into the press, ran Sam Chamberlain a stiff race for all-round efficiency, speed and good nature.

Charles A. Michelson, Charlie or "The Sphinx" as some of us called him, also in the fat salary class, occupied a sombre little desk in a nook where you barely could see him. He was always quiet, never barged in on even the humblest with a criticism that hurt, but was ready with his help when asked. We never heard him utter a harsh judgment of anyone or ever saw him with a grouch. He was the kind of unpretentious person that everyone genuinely liked. Who has not heard of Charlie Michelson, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's ghost writer?

Charlie Sutherland was about the only man who would flatly tell Hearst, on occasion, that he could not have what he wanted. Many a time, just as the paper was going to press, when every minute counted, Hearst would walk up and down the battery of trucks looking over the pages in type. If displeased with the appearance of a page, he would order:

"Charlie, I don't like this. Change it!"

"No, not now, Mr. Hearst. Wait till next edition. Gotta make press time. After that you can have anything you want; but not now; I've only a few minutes, and we gotta catch the trains."

Sutherland, by this time, would be far down among the page forms, out of reach of Hearst's voice. Hearst would take a page proof and spread it on the floor at the three-step entrance to the composing room. Sitting on the steps he would scrape his

feet over the proof, complaining all the while:

"Charlie, I don't like this. I don't like this."

Sutherland would pay no attention to him, but would send the trucks rolling along the floor, two, three, four at a time and as fast as the men dared push them. When the last form was out of the way, Sutherland would turn to Hearst with a smile.

"Now, Mr. Hearst, we'll fix it up any way you want for the next edition."

Hearst would stop frowning. And he and Sutherland would walk away and go downstairs to "fix things up." Very often, when they got downstairs, they made no change at all in that particular page.

Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the World, and Chester Lord, of the morning Sun, were raiding one another's staffs every day. Hearst would lure away one or two of Pulitzer's men with the offer of more money. Pulitzer would get them back, at more money. The Sun would get them, at not much more money. Then Hearst would complete the circuit with still more money. Arthur Brisbane, one of the most prolific of writers, was on the Sun. Hearst got him by a few thousands more pay. Lord got him back, at more thousands. Then Hearst got him for keeps. Salaries surely were going up. The same good fortune for reporters and copy-readers.

Frank A. Jones, one of the brass collars of the American, who had a bit of Hearst's confidence, told me the following story of Homer Davenport, the famous cartoonist.

"Homer worked on a railroad somewhere out west and between times was trying to become an artist. One day he was

sketching an elephant at a circus, when a man stopped and looked at the drawing.

" 'I'll give you five dollars for that picture.'

" 'Why, it isnt worth that. You can have it.'

" 'Oh no, I want to pay for it. I want to send it to a friend of mine.'

"Davenport sold him the sketch. The man sent it to Hearst with the comment: 'I want you to have this sketch, for it is a true sketch of the most remarkable elephant in the world. The elephant has only one ear. At least that's all I can see, and this sketch is a true one---so far as I can see.'

"Hearst kept the sketch, sent for Davenport, and put him through a course of cartooning. In a short time Davenport became famous with his cartoons of Mark Hanna having dollar marks all over him. Homer was now up in the big money.

"Brisbane one day told Homer that the American was losing money, and that Hearst wanted to see all his top men the next day at two oclock to reduce salaries. Homer was the first one in the room ready for the meeting. Hearst entered. Homer greeted him with:

" 'Hello, Bill. Gee, I'm sorry to hear of the tough luck. You know me, Bill. I'm ready to do anything to help out.'

" 'What are you talking about, Homer?' Hearst asked.

" 'Why, Brisbane here tells us that the American is losing money. You can count on me. I'll take a cut; go back to where I started. But first, I'd like to know what Brisbane and the rest will do.'

" 'Why, Homer, we're not losing money. We're making

more money than we ever made---'

" 'Oh, well, if that's true Bill, how about giving me a little more---say about five thousand more?'

" 'Sure Homer. Glad to do it. We can stand that. Is that all?' Hearst asked of the others. No one else asked for a raise, as Davenport's quick action had left them speechless. The meeting was over immediately---and Homer was the only one that got a raise."

Hearst employed a psychology that didn't set any too well with his staff at the start. He kept everyone on his toes. Frequently on some one else's toes. He shifted men regardless, without the shiftees having the slightest suspicion of what was coming in the next twenty-four hours. More than once the city editor came in to find his desk moved to another spot and a new city editor in harness. And so on down through the staff. That's what Bram Davis meant when he told me to look into the letter box to see if I still had a job. The night before we had fourteen men on the copy desk, enough to get out two papers. So Bram had suspicions that a bombshell would drop sooner or later.

About two weeks later, when I had been on the paper six weeks, seven of us received notices that our services were no longer required. I went down the Jersey coast where my folks were for the summer. I was there three days when President William McKinley was assassinated in Buffalo. Shot September 6, dying 8 days later. I received the following telegram:

"Come in to see me. Richard Farrelly."

Farrelly was one of the Hearst editors who seldom mingled with his subordinates. So his telegram was a big surprise. When I went in to see him, he greeted me cordially.

"Sit down. How long had you been working on the American?" he asked.

"About six weeks."

"Want to go to work here again?"

"Yes sir! I like it here!"

"All right, come in and start to work tonight. What salary were you getting?"

"Thirty-five dollars a week."

"Well, you'll get forty-five dollars a week. With the headline prizes you should be able to make more. Is that all right?"

"I think that's fine. But, Mr. Farrelly, you see I have been paid two weeks in advance, so I could look for another job. I have been out of the office only three days and am a week and a half pay ahead. They can deduct that from my wages."

"Oh, no they won't. Someone else discharged you and paid you. That's their affair. I'm hiring you again. Go to work tonight, and your salary will start right with tonight. And, listen son, you'll never be fired again as long as I'm on this paper."

Things worked out nicely for me, as Farrelly said. I won some of the headline prizes which put my earnings up quite a bit. Then Paul Marr, who was starting a news and feature service called the Hearst Service, came to me one night and asked:

"Can you write short stories?"

"Never tried it."

"Well, give it a try. Think up some incident, maybe some news story you've handled. Think what people would say or

do in the circumstances. I must have a story by Saturday, about 3,000 or 4,000 words. Cent a word. I'm asking two or three others.

Always dumb enough to try anything once, I hopped on the job the next day, my day off. I worked on a little incident that really had happened when I was on the Washington Times years before, the story of a little negro copy-chaser who brought about a pretty romance. I called it "Midnight's Queen", turned in the copy to Marr the next day, and he accepted it, paying $35 for the yarn. Almost as much for a day's delightful experiment as I was getting for a week's grind on the copy desk.

Marr's service was building up nicely. I sold him short story after story, receiving anywhere from $25 to $50. My second was "Jimmie," a true story of a little West Indian messenger on a newspaper. It was a tear-jerker. Then came "Beatrice Flake," a love story. It surely was terrible, but it sold for top price. "The Pass-o'-Melfort's Crew" was a swashbuckling, near mutiny-in-a-hurricane, Charles Laughton type of tale that I had picked up along the water front. "The Burglar's New Leaf" was told to me by a cop in the old Tombs Prison.

But, "Mabel takes the Wheel," was the thrillingest thing--- a race down river rapids between two rival side-paddle steamboats. Mabel was a timid, shrinking violet, of course very beautiful, and the heroine of the yarn. But when the pilot of the Black Hawk tried to manoeuver his ship against Mabel's sturdy Sally Ann, Mabel jumped to the wheel, smashed off the Black Hawk's port paddlewheel and won the race, and of course fell right into the arms of the son of the wealthy owner of the steamship line.

Love stories seemed to hit best of all, good love stories, or bad love stories. "What Mary Did" was one that told of the many wild and reckless things Mary did in her moronic craving for admiration and adventure. Of course, she, too, was beautiful, but no shrinking violet like Mabel. If I had included all the things that Mary did before her great flame, her escapades would have turned Forever Amber into a sickly drab, and blown Margaret Mitchell herself along with the wind. After we finally got rid of Mary, we turned out "The Coquette's Romance," and quite a few more mushy, slushy things, because Marr told me: "Keep it up; the readers like that sort of tripe."

About that time occurred on the American one of the most amazing and unexplainable blunders in journalism, on a paper when everyone was on his toes and immediate discharge was the penalty for even a moderate mistake or stupidity. Early in the evening of May 8, 1902, we received a bulletin:

"Volcano on MtPelee, Martinique, in eruption. Thousands believed lost."

The head of the copy desk, Charlie Tipton (a fictitious name for this story) was as capable a man as ever headed a desk in New York. Besides the usual local material, he handled the telegraph and also the cable, assisted by the copy-reader at his right who merely sorted out the reports.

"Here's a bulletin---Thousands lost!" the copy-reader told Charlie, pushing over the bulletin.

Charlie looked at the bulletin and said: "Wait until another bulletin."

"Ten thousand believed killed at MtPelee!"

Another bulletin: "Several villages wiped out. People on decks of ships burned to death by lava. Estimate 30,000 lost."

"This is a helluva story Charlie. Thirty thousand dead! Better tell 'em to clear off front page and a big make-over."

Charlie read the bulletin carefully. Looked at it hard for a minute or two. Ordinarily the whole office would have been in a turmoil, various reporters running to the "morgue" for all the information they could get on MtPelee, the people, and other material. Pictures and a big layout.

But no, Charlie quietly took the bulletins, whipped together about ten inches of type, and wrote a three column head and sent the story to the composing room.

Then the copy-reader did an unethical thing, went over Charlie's head, and told Sutherland:

"Thirty thousand people killed by MtPelee volcano blowing up!"

"My Gawd! Where's the stuff?"

"Gone upstairs."

Sutherland jumped out of his chair like he had been sitting on a volcano. Ran upstairs, with hardly five minutes before press time. But in lightning strokes he cleared off enough of the front page to get in what was in type. And the American went to press first edition with hardly more than half a column of type, and a three-column head. All the other papers had columns and columns and pictures galore, for their editors had had the whole evening to prepare, while Sutherland had only a few minutes before the inexorable press time would catch up with him.

By this time the whole office was in an uproar. Editors

were scooting around whipping pages together for the next edition. And the final run came out with a fair coverage for enough Associated Press reports had come in to make a pretty complete story.

Then the whole staff expected a volcano in the office. Hearst, Sutherland, Randall and one or two others were grouped, discussing the blunder---one of the worst in journalism.

"I can't understand that getting past Tipton. He's the best desk man in town," one of the group said.

"How could it get past him, especially when it was put up to him time and again?"

"Only this, the man has too much to watch---local, telegraph and cable---"

"Too much for any one man no matter how good he is," came another comment.

"What shall we do about it?"

Then came a higher voice that sounded like Hearst's:

"Rearrange your desk; that's too much to pile on one man. What'll we do about it---Nothing!"

And nothing was done about it!

Soon after that Frederick B. Taintor, managing editor of the Globe sent for me and started me on a series of stories of the "Little Mayors of New York," mostly little politicians who kept the voters of their districts in line for election. The most interesting of these was an interview with Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown, while the tong wars were on.

One evening after our paper had gone to press, I was talking with Carl Downey about Chinatown and its tong feuds. Carl had done considerable criminology work and research in California.

"How would you like to see the real Chinatown, not the tourist spots, but the real stuff?" he asked.

"Fine; but how can it be arranged?"

"I'll take you up. I know some people up there who will take us where none of the sightseeing people ever get."

Off we went, up the Bowery. We turned into a side street and entered the back entrance of a big corner saloon. We ascended to a large sitting room on the second floor. It was about half past six oclock, and there were only two men in the room. Both were young, well dressed and quiet in manner. Carl left me at a table and presently came back with the better-dressed men of the two.

"This is Billy Smith," he said. "He'll take us around." (Billy Smith also is a name fictitious for the purpose of this story.)

We left the place and went farther up the street to the Bowery Music Hall. It was one of those old-time places with forty or fifty tables, a gallery and a stage on which cavorted busty chorus girls. We ordered beer. A large man came up and tapped Smith on the shoulder. They walked away a short distance.

"Well, you can guess what he said," Smith remarked when he returned. "He asked me not to pull anything here now."

Our next stop was a little saloon, tougher than the first. The room was about fifteen feet wide and perhaps fifty feet long. It had a bar on one side at the front. At the rear of the room were a few tables at which half a dozen tough ~~ladies~~ ladies-in-waiting were sipping beer, and looking at us, regarding us as possible customers. Smith went to the bartender, talked with him a minute and returned to us.

"This way," he motioned. "Be careful. It's pretty dark down this way."

We turned down a flight of steps into a cellar. Then crossed the rough floor of two cellars, and started up again.

"Don't be surprised at anything you see," Smith warned. "But there's no danger. They all know me."

We went up one flight, then across a floor, and up four more flights. As we came to the top of the stairs, Smith leading, we were met by a big Chinese, with arms folded and hands up his sleeves.

"Billy Smith," he said. "Glad to see you. You make yourself at home. These your friends? That's all right."

We were now at the center of a floor of what resembled an old-time bathing house. An aisle led straight across the floor from where we stood. Two other aisles crossed this center aisle, forming a letter H. Along these aisles were small rooms, or booths for opium smokers. In all there were perhaps a hundred of these tiny booths. Right in front of us, in a small pagoda window were displayed for sale a few Chinese trinkets, lychee nuts, jars of choy sauce, preserved ginger, sandals, glass ornaments, and jade or imitation jewelry in pieces and sets. A Chinese sat in the pagoda, mute, hands up his sleeves. At the entrance to each of the long aisles stood a Chinese. Their hands were up their sleeves, too.

"You smoke?" the first Chinese asked almost in a whisper.

"No; but we want to go into one of the rooms where someone is cooking his pill.

"Oh, yes. You know down there in 16. You know him. You

see him some timesbefore. He always there this time, you know. He glad to see you. You go see."

Smith tapped the door of No. 16.

"Come in," a cheery voice bade us.

As we entered a man about fifty-five rose from a small cot and swung his feet to the floor. He held an opium pipe in one hand. Its stem was eighteen inches long. The bowl, close to one end, jutted at right angles.

"How are you Billy? Haven't seen you for some time."

"Howdy Frank. How you feeling? These are friends of mine."

"I'm fine Billy. Want a smoke? Would you like to smoke?" he asked me. He was a well-spoken man, night clerk in a store somewhere along Park Row, Billy told me later.

"What's it like," I asked.

"Well, it's like when you go home in the evening, tired out. You sit down before a fire while waiting for dinner. You doze off, have soothing dreams. That is, if you don't smoke too much. I smoke only one pill a night. Wnen I wake up---in about ~~xxxx~~ half an hour, that's about as long as the opium has its effect on me---I feel refreshed and go to my job in good shape. I've been coming here for sixteen years, every night at the same time, seven oclock. Always this room. Always this pipe. Want to try a pill?"

"What's it taste like?"

"Well, I call it a faint sweet ~~xxxxx~~ taste. Other people say they can't taste it at all. Here, I'll cook you a new pill. Then you can take a puff or two."

He took some dark brown stuff from a box on a tabourette in front of him and rolled it into a pill the size of a jelly bean. He cooked it over a lamp and then put it in the bowl, puffed a couple of times to get it going right. He handed me the pipe and I took two or three puffs. So far as I could tell it was like smoking any other pipe. It did have a very faint sweet taste. After three or four more puffs, I told him:

"I can't feel any effects."

"Oh, you have to smoke some little time before you begin to feel it. Then the doze comes on you gradually."

"Does opium-smoking finally make you an addict?"

"With some people, yes, because they take too much, have wonderful dreams, then come back for more. They get to the point where nothing will break their craving, like alcoholics. It's soothing to me, and restful. It's what you might call my only luxury. I take my pill, then doze off. Next, I'm a millionaire, riding down to the opera, listening to grand music, and I hear it, or dream I do. Or, I think of a good old-time fishing party, and I'm hauling in red-snappers, grey-snappers, sea bass and weakfish. When I wake up, I think I'm a lot better off than many a millionaire who goes broke and then blows his brains out. I'm not broke, Billy, you know that."

He fished out of his pocket a deposit book of the Seamans Savings Bank. Billy scanned it. "Pretty nice, Frank; you don't need to worry."

"I've everything arranged for when I go. I've already bought a cemetery plot for ~~four~~ two and paid for my funeral and burial in advance. Our undertaker friend will take care of us. There's

a place there for you---you haven't any relatives either---but you must make me one promise---"

"What's that, Frank?"

"That you'll keep your hands out of my pockets when they put us to sleep for the last time."

The two of them had a good laugh. The import of it passed entirely over my head. We left Frank to finish his pill, and trailed out. As we were walking along Mott Street, Downey said:

"I didn't tell you before because you might have got a bit nervous. Those men standing guard in the aisles and in the booth in the opium den are all tong gunmen and hatchet men, and tops in the tong wars. Each one, right now, has two guns up his sleeves. They have to be on guard all the time. Tong men from outlying towns---tong men unknown to their rivals here---sometimes take rooms in the den. Instead of smoking they wait for a signal. Then they jump out and if they can trap or kill the guards, they rob the whole place, strip the addicts and get away. You never can tell when or where a tong war will start. Now, we'll go to a real gambling den."

We walked down into the tunnel to Doyers Street---a tunnel where two On Leongs stood guard on one side of a dividing line and two Hep Sings on the other side, to see that no rival tong gambler passed into the other territory. Many a battle had been fought in that tunnel.

Down twisted Doyers Street a bit, we entered a dark passageway where a single Chinese guard stood. Billy Smith and he seemed to be good friends, and we were allowed to pass and climb

some more flights of stairs. We were met, at an open door, by another Chinese who shook hands with Smith and motioned us into the room, closed and bolted the door. The room was about forty feet square, windowless and had only the one door. A large table stood in the center, and eight or ten chairs around it, with a few more off at one sidewall. The room had no xxxx revealing or suspicious features, except one. Up in the angle made by the ceiling and one wall, a board surface extended out from the wall about four feet, about eight feet from the floor. Another board surface extended from this first flat board up to the ceiling, making a sort of flue or wind tunnel up in the angle. This was all painted white, like the walls. It looked only like some queer construction of the building.

"Here's where they play most of their big fantan games," Smith told us. "And they are big games, all right. They play loo and others, but fantan is as popular with them as poker with us."

"How can they get away in a raid?"

Billy Smith made a swift movement along one side of the wall. I could not see that he touched anything on the table, the wall, or the floor, as he was moving all the time.

Suddenly, the front of the odd construction on the wall opened up and backward. Our Chinese friend vaulted onto the table, up into the wide flue, slid across it and disappeared as the door or front dropped back into place.

"That lets him out into a hidden passageway by which he can get to any of the many fire escapes, or back into one of the tenements, and get a block away from here in hardly more than seconds," Smith said.

A few minutes later we heard a tap at the door. Smith unbolted it and our Chinese friend came in smiling:

"You want to try it? It's fun. Slippery boards; you slide over like ice. You want to try it?"

We decided we'd better walk down. So back into twisted Doyers Street we went, and then down the Bowery. After we had thanked Billy Smith and said goodbye, I asked Carl Downey:

"Who is this Billy Smith? He looks like a business man. He is soft-spoken and intelligent. Is he is business?"

"Yes, sort of business," Carl replied with a grin. "He's worth considerable money. I'd say he is quite a successful business man, for he has twenty men working for him. Billy Smith is King of the Pickpockets!"

TOM LEE, Mayor of Chinatown
$3,000 on his head



TOM LEE AND HIS SIGNATURE

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THE SCORPION CLUB

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1916

A MAYOR WITH $3,COC ON HIS HEAD

Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown!

Sitting relaxed in a big old wooden rocking chair, in the back of his little cigar store in Mott Street, Tom Lee looked as if he didn't have a care in the world. Picturesque, bent with his sixty-odd years and none-too-rugged health, he rocked to and fro in a haze of cigar smoke and the unmistakeable odor of yen-shee, or burnt opium. He puffed leisurely at a thin roll of tobacco which he held with the peculiar grip so common among the Chinese---between the thumb and forefinger, the palm of the hand upward.

If there was any sense of fear, or even anxiety, in his heart or mind, none of the lines pencilling his inscrutible face revealed it. Head of the powerful On Leong Tong, he well knew that at any moment he might be the target for a fusillade of bullets from some member of the Hep Sing Tong, his strongest rival, or from one of the Chins or the Lees, four tongs or societies being in existence at that time. Bullets might come from tenement roofs, from a running rival in the street, through his back windows, or the front. Nor did Tom Lee seem at all disturbed by his full knowledge that a reward of $3,000 awaited the man who sent a bullet into a vital spot of his body.

But one young reporter who had obtained the unusual privilege of interviewing him "downstairs," was not so placid, not so calm, mentally or physically. For, all around us were nearly a dozen

stalwarts of the On Leong bodyguard---gunmen whose reputations for speed and accuracy were high in the circles of the warring Chinese tongs, and hatchet men who, with a comparatively small type of razor-edged weapon, were surprisingly adept at hacking a man to death with a few lightning strokes. Grim, confident, they looked like stoics all, insensible to pleasure, pain or fear. Some sat cross-legged on tables to the left of me, arms up their wide sleeves and each hand gripping a large-calibre revolver. Others on the opposite side of the store, hulked big over the counter in tense pose of expectancy, or sat upright in chairs with their eyes fixed on the front door. all armed. Stolidly alert. And across the street, slow-slithering merchants came out of their stores, arms up their sleeves, strolled a bit and returned inside, while others replaced them; two or three were constantly along the curbstone covertly watching Tom Lee's front door and all street approaches. A lone watcher, leaned over a window sill in a tenement above. He glanced about casually like an ordinary busybody. He had guns up his sleeves. Two young detectives had been sent up in back of me, and one loitered about the front door; the other across the way.

Whenever Tom Lee came "downstairs"---and it was many, many weekes between such trips---it was a critical moment in the days of the tong wars. For if word got around to the Hep Sings, the Chins or the Lees, it was about a hundred-to-one gamble that a single gunman or a group would come whirling through Mott Street, taking pot shots and hoping one would get to Tom Lee.

In my own timidity, all thought of making a diplomatic or strategic approach to a fine interview, had disappeared, and I blurted out questions regardless:

"Tom, how does it feel to have a price of $3,000 on your head?"

Surprisingly he took no offense. He smiled grimly:

"I just come downstairs now for first time. I 'fraid to go out of house till shootin' over."

While the tong wars had been intermittent in New York for nearly two decades, they were now, as the 1900s were starting, enjoying a respite. Chinatown was serene for a time. And an unwritten law had made the Chinese Theatre a neutral ground for years; a safe place where members of all tongs could go, enjoy the performances and leave the neighborhood without molestation. But, one clear night, a shot was fired in the theatre. Both On Leongs and Hep Sings were killed and wounded. And another wave of warfare was on, with an individual assassination here and there and fusillades ~~of~~ from groups as they scurried down the street, shooting on the run.

It was three or four days after the theatre tragedy that my city editor said casually:

"Go up and get a talk with Tom Lee, Mayor of Chinatown, and see what he says about all this new shooting---this shooting in the theatre where they've never fought before." Just as if he was sending me out on a one-alarm fire.

Up at police headquarters to obtain some idea ~~as~~ of what really was ahead of me, the old timers there said it was more difficult to get an interview with Tom Lee at such times than an audience with the President of the United States. Tom Lee was surrounded, not by velvet-handed assistants or red tape, but by trails of red blood, fast-shooting gunmen and hatchet men with

wonderful skill.

It was common talk at headquarters that up to that time only four white men were known ever to have been permitted to enter Tom Lee's little cigar store at No. 4 Mott Street. These few were Captain John Eggers, whose command to any Chinese to come to see him at once was law; and Detectives J. W. Murray, William C. Hamilton, and Daniel Costigan. They had free and undisputed entree to any of the dens that were supposed to be tight as drums. They knew the yellow man and his ways, and how to treat them in all circumstances. They had the friendship of almost every man in Chinatown because they were feared and yet did not take advantage of that fact.

"So you want to see Tom Lee?" the headquarters men asked. "Well, first you've got to see Lee Loy, the Mayor's secretary, who's been with him for twelve years. He's mighty hard to get to because he's with the old man at all times and if there's any shooting at the Mayor, Lee Loy will surely be right in the mess. When these battles are on, Tom Lee never comes downstairs; maybe Lee Loy will stay right up there with him so long as there is this shooting. He may not come down; but go talk to Dan Costigan; maybe he can fix you up to see Lee Loy."

Dan Costigan did. I never had met him before, but he always was agreeable to helping newsmen, the boys told me. Dan Costigan explained just what to do. And Lee Loy undoubtedly had full confidence in the detective, for the very mention of Dan Costigan's name to the guard at the store door sent that bodyguard off at once and upstairs. Lee Loy came down immediately. He signalled me to enter, and we went off into an obscure corner, out

of range of the front door. Lee Loy knew Tom Lee's every mood, desire and fear---if Tom Lee had any fear. With speed, but courtesy, he put me through a very short cross-examination as to my specific wants, glancing occasionally at the front door. Then he said:

"You come tomorrow; same time."

Obviously Lee Loy had no intention of remaining down in the store longer than necessary, for word might get around that he was "downstairs." He was wanted by the enemy tongs almost as much as Tom Lee. He was a very important key in the general situation.

"They'd kill me, too, I guess, if they ever could get a gun on me first," he told me.

Next day, at the appointed hour, I walked into Tom Lee's little cigar store, after quick scrutiny by the door-guard and a mysterious signal of approval from somewhere within. Tom Lee was there already, in his rocking-chair, far back in the gloom. Lee Loy was beside him. Lee gave me a friendly smile, a warm handshake, and introduced me to the Mayor. Tom Lee stuck out a small hand with a weak pump-handle wiggle, as he looked me over studiously and without a word.

Evidently the message of caution had been spread among the faithful that Tom Lee was "downstairs" and that every care must be taken against the fact becoming known and trouble start. And that's why his faithful were on guard around him in the store, on the sidewalks in front, and even from upper windows of the tenement across the way.

Tom Lee was hard to read and hard to interview, although he was not in the least antagonistic. His difficulty probably was

due to the fact that in his years of seclusion he had not had much opportunity for conversations in English. For a "no" he gave a smile, sometimes; a blank stare when he perhaps thought the question a bit too personal, pertinent, or revealing.

He had a remarkable face. A fascinating face. One that held you. It was typically Chinese in shape, but his eyes proclaimed him a man far out of the ordinary. They were set, not slanting, but straight across the face, and far---very far---apart. His gaze at first, while he was making his own appraisal of me, was strangely analytical and penetrating. When questioning shifted, there was a downward glance that faded into mystery and left me as uninformed as before. But, withal, there was a glint in his eyes, and a slight upturn to the corners of his mouth that suggested latent mirth---perhaps gentleness---perhaps kindliness. He wore a drooping mustache and a goatee, both of which were very thin. He definitely did not look like or act like a man who was hounded by killers and ~~xxxxxxxx~~ surrounded by killers of his own. There was nothing fearsome about his face. On the whole, it seemed more like that of a sage, not a savage.

The Mayor wore the regulation garb of his native land, although it was of better quality than that of his followers, for he was a wealthy man. The customary black trousers, wide and silky, flapped about his legs. Black sandals, embroidered and of artistic design, were on his feet. A shirt of fine brown material completed his costume. His getup was given a slightly dainty appearance by a pale blue ~~xxxxx~~ silk undergarment that peeped up from under the neckband of his shirt. From a breast pocket dangled a heavy gold chain, with some emblem as a fob. His hands, which

were small and smooth, bore no jewelry save a heavy seal ring, a present from a countryman years ago.

Tom Lee's attitude toward me was kindly, open and without suspicion. But at times he seemed to be inwardly amused at some of the questions from a young reporter who had had less than half the experience Tom Lee had had with the world, and with men, good and bad. He was patient; never abrupt or indicating displeasure at my attempts to fathom him or his life. Almost at the outset, I asked:

"Tom, who is the richest man in Chinatown?"

He inhaled a few puffs from his stick of tobacco, and replied slowly, with labored pronunciation:

"That's pretty hard question."

"Are you?"

Only a smile for reply.

"They say you are a millionaire; is that so?"

"I work hard when I boy. Got nuff so don't have to work now. Take it easy. Not rich."

"Where did you come from---what part of China?"

"I come American when I boy. Work many places. Work hard. Railroad Tennessee. StLouis have tea store. Philadelphia Centennial have big place. Show fine teas, spices. I come New York, open little store. I from Canton. I Cantonese. All men now in Chinatown Cantonese."

"What started this last war; the fight in the theatre, a place always safe for tong members?"

Tom Lee shook his head.

"Don't know. That too bad! Too bad!"

"He hasn't the slightest idea," Lee Loy interposed. "Neither have I. He's been upstairs for a long time. We don't know the reason for the shooting, whether it was started by one of our men or by one of the Heps, the Lees, or the Chins, or why. Our members and the Heps always have kept the theatre as safe, neutral ground. This is the first time a shot ever was fired in the theatre, or a fight started."

While we were at this point, I asked him the question how it felt to have a price on his head.

"I bin sick," he responded very slowly. "All this shootin' make me not so well. I just come downstairs now for first time. These other men Highbinders, like snakes, shoot you in back. I 'fraid to go out of house till shootin' over!"

Questions then were directed to leading the mayor along into his history and the history of the tong wars---and---

"Why should you have these tong wars anyway?"

The Mayor briefed the high spots of his life with rather broken sentences, but with an effort at clarity. Lee Loy interpreted them into easy sequence, put in finishing touches, making a fairly well-rounded story. Later, the detectives gave me ammplifications of great value---the facts behind the inscrutable Chinese as the police actually knew them.

Tom Lee landed first in San Francisco; then went to Portland, Oregon. While there he learned that men in Tennessee were building a railroad but could not get sufficient labor. Tom Lee gathered 400 coolies and moved in. After that job, he opened a tea store in StLouis; then went to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia where he had a large exhibit of teas and spices. And on to New York at the close of the Centennial. He opened a merchandise

store at No. 2 Mott Street, then the little cigar store next door, at No. 4. This latter he maintained all through the years, even after he added three other more imposing places, stores and restaurants.

He organized the On Leong Tong of New York, and it soon grew to 1,500 membership. His society was composed of laundrymen mostly, with a few merchants owning establishments within a fifty-mile radius of the city. The object of the society was declared to be for the promotion of its members in a business and social way. That was the Chinese version; but the police translation was that the On Leongs were interested very largely in men of their own race who had money to risk in gambling ventures---and there were thousands in the area. Even so, the On Leongs could see no impropriety in their doing a little gambling when the newspapers carried frequent accounts of Dick Canfield's gambling palace, and the large sums, as nigh as $200,000, lost there by wealthy men in a single night. At any rate, whetever its true business, the On Leongs flourished. On Saturdays and Sundays members trooped in from New Jersey, Long Island, Connecticut and other places. Most of them went home poorer, perhaps wiser; a few richer. The On Leongs had a smooth path for years. There were no police raids; and no interference.

Then came the Hep Sing Tong, "for the suppression of gambling," and claiming to be a reform society. It was headed by Jim Wang, a keen, highly-intelligent graduate of Northwestern University, who brought his membership quickly to 1,200. He was the brains of his organization. Stern with men of his own race but friendly and courteous with those of the white race, he had

a commanding appearance, and the reputation of being a shrewd business man. And he was equally well-guarded. His top gunman was Mock Duck, a name that spelled terror in Chinatown. Mock Duck was called the bulldog of the Hep Sings. Short, powerful, he had the speed of a panther and the cunning of a fox. Police gave him the reputation of being about the swiftest man with a gun that ever came to New York. He was a terrible foe of the On Leongs; fearless, ruthless.

The Hep Sings wanted to stop gambling---yes, that was true, but in the minds of the police they wanted to stop gambling mainly in the places controlled by the On Leongs. The Hep Sings opened more than a shooting war. They started laundries and merchant stores near places run by the On Leongs. They cut prices. Intense hatred for one another grew up among members of the two societies who previously had been good friends.

And one day, while a member of the An Foon Company, one of the On Leong concerns, was on his way downtown, he was shot and killed by one of the Hep Sing men. A few months after this, another On Leong was hacked to pieces in Newark by a Hep Sing hatchet man. The murderer xx escaped to California, but the On Leongs trailed him there and killed him a few months later. Ah Fee, an On Leong, had had trouble with another group. He was shot and killed by Suey Sing, who pleaded guilty and was sent to prison for life. Other shootings followed.

Most of the On Leongs were centered in Mott Street; the Hep Sings in Pell Street. If there was any demarcation in territories, it was Mott for the one and Pell for the other. And, running from one street to the other, under all the buildings,

was a narrow, dimly lighted tunnel. By the tong code, it was a sort of no-man's land. At the middle of the tunnel a white line on the floor marked the dividing line---Hep Sings to the North, On Leongs to the South. On Leongs with guns up their sleeves stood on their side of the line; Hep Sings, similarly armed, on the other side. Certain persons were forbidden to cross into either territory; if they did a shooting was sure to start.

Among all the gunmen, the name of Mock Duck was the most feared. One afternoon, walking down Pell Street, Mock Duck came face to face with five On Leongs together coming toward him. Both factions started shooting immediately. Mock Duck, single-handed, advanced boldly and straight toward the five, shooting slowly, deliberately. As the five neared Doyers Street, four of them who had emptied their guns hurriedly fled. One of them was wounded. The fifth continued firing until his gun went out of commission, and then ran up Doyers Street. Mock Duck darted to the corner of Doyers, halted, fired at the running man, and killed him instantly. Mock Duck was put on trial three times, but each time the jury disagreed.

From about that time there was only an occasional shooting. Chinatown lived a short while in peace. On an Easter Sunday, unusually large numbers of Chinese came into the city and headed for Chinatown. The police knew why. Games of fantan and loo and all the others on the card were in operation with hundreds of players. It was a gala day for the gamblers. When things were at their height, the police swooped down on them and carried off scores of prisoners. The men were all turned out when their cases were taken to court, but the raids stirred up disaffection in the

ranks of the On Leongs. A large group of their members, following the raids, broke away and started the Chin Family or Company. A few weeks later there was another split, and the Lee Family or Company was formed. These two societies would not affiliate with the Hep Sings, nor would they combine their interests, but they made it plain that they were deadly enemies of the parent On Leongs.

Something was happening among all the four tongs, and not long after these splits came the battle in the theatre and the beginning of the end of the widespread troubles. On an unusually beautiful week-end, thousands came to Chinatown for another gala time. As night fell the village blossomed out in all its gay, shining and ~~fantastic allure.~~ cacophonous fascination. The streets were full of strollers. Great festoons of paper lanterns swayed in the night breeze across the balconies of the tenements whose first, second and third floors were large restaurants. Of predominating red, yellow and green, and round-bellied, they ranged from tiny gay orbs to ornate creations as large as two feet in diameter. In these places, single-stringed violins squeaked their strident notes. Tinny player-pianos hammered so loudly they could be heard a block away. All to attract the sightseers who now were flocking down by bus from uptown.

Along the sidewalks, imposing stores displayed the finest in silk apparel, gorgeous kimonos, dainty handkerchiefs, scarfs and such things. Food stpres, with dehydrated chicken, pork, beef and fish hanging in the open air; and Chinese cabbage, guy choy, water chestnuts, bamboo snoots, choy sauce and other ingredients for those who fell for the smiling: "You lik-ee

make ~~exp~~ chop suey some time, eh?" And one-man cubbyholes with trinkets such as china elephants, sets of the three monkeys, cards, straw sandals, puzzles, and the best-seller of all their souvenirs, the back-scratcher, a small ivory monkey hand on a long stick. In the doorways of almost every store hung large lanterns with their strings of glass pendants tinkling in the changing air currents. Sombre-garbed merchants, hands up sleeves and shoulders pinched forward, looked at passersby questioningly as possible customers, but said nothing to lure them in. It was an unusually gay, crowded and profitable night.

And up Mott Street a bit, men from Pell Street, from Doyers, from Mott and from darker byways of Chinatown trailed into the Chinese Theatre. They were members of the On Leongs, of the Chins, the Lees and the Hep Sings, all possible dead enemies, but the theatre was their haven of safety, a neutral ground. There would be no shooting---no fighting---that had been the code and the understanding for years.

The various tong men shuffled into the playhouse and took seats in their customary manner---perched on the backs of the benches with their feet on the seats. Hats on their heads. With stoical faces they seemed neither to approve nor disapprove the performance of the actors, or the "music" or whatever that strange, whining ~~cacophony~~ orchestra might be termed playing. Chinese cymbals clanged every few moments, as actors pirouetted or sprang. Continually, high-pitched, sing-song came from female impersonators---youths with face, figure and costume all artistically made up in remarkable deception.

All was at a lively tempo when a shot cracked. Tong men

jumped from the benches at a signal and began firing. Everyone in the audience was shooting at someone. The actors ran screaming from the stage. Groups in the street yelled for the police; street strollers were in a panic as the wounded ran from the theatre. When the smoke faded away and the police had cleared the place, three On Leongs and one Hep Sing, lay mortally wounded on the floor. A score or more were badly wounded and stumbling around in the theatre while others crumpled up on the sidewalk. Ambulances clanged up the street and carted the wounded to the hospitals.

And another period of battles and assassination followed immediately, with the On Leongs and the Hep Sings still the major enemies; the Chins and the Lees avowedly against their parent On Leongs, but in doubtful antagonism to the Hep Sings. But the tong groups were dwindling. All of their members, naturally, were neither gunmen nor hatchet men. They were mostly laundrymen, and these with other types of merchants, now with New York City expanding greatly in all directions, ceased fighting and squabbling, and established themselves in businesses of their own in all parts of the city---in restaurants of high order and stores that are now in many communities, clean and keen competitors of long-established chains. Heretofore the Chinese restaurant---usually catering to the late night crowds, theatregoers, newspaper men, actors, stragglers, and wanderers---was eschewed generally by the public; but now splendid places in every section, in the suburbs and nearby towns, were becoming popular and prosperous. The hitherto tong men found it much more pleasant, peaceful and profitable to be in a business

that permitted them to walk the streets freely, or to be serving chicken chow mein, subgum chop suey, yat ko mein, egg foo young, bird's nest soup and other ~~dxxixxxi~~ delicacies, instead of doling out or dodging bullets. And the terrible tong wars soon became hardly more than a memory.

That $3,000 head price dangled over Tom Lee for something like a generation, but even so he went to his grave at a ripe old age---from natural causes---not bullets---and reputedly worth more than half a million dollars.

As a pleasant sequel to the interview, one of the detectives told me that Tom Lee was generous to all those about him. "While at times his life has been sought almost every minute of the day, and he has been shot at many times, we have no knowledge or even belief that he ever took a life himself."

Which seemed to fit nicely into what I had read in that unusual face, and the slight upturn to the corners of his mouth---perhaps gentleness---perhaps kindness---the face of a sage, not a savage.

"MY MEN CAN DO ANYTHING!"

"Get out of this office and don't come back until you get that interview with Rhinelander Waldo."

"You know Commissioner Waldo never has been quoted. It can't be done---"

"My boy, it can be done. My men can do anything. Now, get out!"

"But there's a standing order at police headquarters against quoting the commissioner," I persisted.

"Don't pay any attention to standing orders---Get out!"

Frank Pierson, city editor of the New York Herald, was not in very good humor that day; at least, not after luncheon. It was one of those days on which he had let appetite and good digestion wait on each other too long. And both appetite and digestion were somewhat whimsical and called for things not served on plates or platters.

Pierson was a temperamental cuss, delightfully unpredictable. He was not one of those fictional city editors so often pictured on the screen as a wild, noisy blatherskite. He didn't swear at his men; he didn't rave and tear his beautiful blonde pompadour; he didn't even thrown things. His most violent exhibitions of displeasure were confined to nervously flicking away tiny specks of ashes that he had carelessly let fall on his well-ordered, spotless desk.

Frank Pierson was wholly capable; one of the finest city

editors that ever came to New York. He knew his business from top to bottom. He knew his men; he had great confidence in every one of his staff, and gave the men more confidence in themselves. And we knew him. Whenever he approached and said: "My boy, I want to see you," we well knew he would make us dance when he got us on the carpet. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he never called us to account unless he had a clear case. He would berate us quietly but stingingly, and then go down Brain Alley and boast to the executive committee that he had the finest staff in the city. Frequently, after a man had been lectured severely and was sitting at his desk stewing over the reproof, Pierson would walk past and hand him a story that meant space and would pay mighty well for the rebuke.

There was something about the irascible man that made men like to work for him; made them loyal. He believed in his men, believed they could get anything he sent them after. He was tutor as well as boss. He got results, nine times out of ten; on the tenth, if a man worked intelligently, thoroughly and hard, and yet failed, Pierson would compliment him just the same. He knew that other reporters on the same tip would surely fail, too. And they did.

But Pierson didn't know much about the newer ins and outs of police headquarters. He only knew that any time he telephoned down for sometning, he got it pronto. So, a little thing like dragging an interview out of an adamant commissioner was a mere trifle. It was scheduled on the daily news sheet, like any routine story among the scores that were happening within a radius of a hundred miles from New York.

When I arrived at police headquarters at the hour set for the commissioner's daily conference with the regular headquarters reporters, it was something of a bit of news to those men. A general staff man coming to headquarters usually meant that he had some special yarn or had to develop the routine along some special line.

"What's up?" Charlie Hastings asked. He had covered headquarters for years and knew all the ropes and angles.

"Gotta get an interview with the Commish," I replied.

"What a chance! What a chance! Don't that city editor of yours know the Commish won't give any interviews. Standing orders against it. Your city editor ought to know better. Is he asleep?"

"Not Frank Pierson. He never sleeps. He thinks we can get anything he sends us after."

"Well, he's guessed wrong this time. However, it's almost four now. You might as well stick around and get a turndown from the Commish himself."

Five minutes later the regulars went in and circled around Commissioner Waldo. I edged into the ring. Questions ranged from trifles to matters of department policy. I made a few notes here and there. When the conference was over, I lagged behind, and asked the commissioner if I might quote him on the various subjects, or elaborate on one.

"No," was his firm but polite response. It's out of the question."

He eased me from the room.

Half an hour later I stood before Frank Pierson.

"The commissioner refused---"

"Get out, and don't come back until you get that interview with the commissioner," he fairly shouted.

I got. Back at headquarters, braving the jibes of the regulars, I explained my errand, and got another laugh. And another refusal from the commissioner, and returned to the office. In the city editor's room, he glanced up, read failure on my face, switched around in his chair, and looked daggers at me. I thought he might start throwing things. He fairly screamed:

"If you haven't got it, get out. Get out! And stay out until you get that interview with Rhinelander Waldo!"

Something had gone wrong in the office and Pierson was in worse mood than ever. So, out I went again to headquarters. The commissioner consented to see me once more. As I entered his office a new approach suddenly flashed through my mind. The commissioner smiled, and asked:

"Well, what is it now?"

"Mr. Commissioner," I said, "May I ask you---not for quotation or publication---when your term of office is up?"

"Why, certainly. In about a year and a half, if I don't get removed in the meantime. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I see about a year and a half's vacation coming to me---with pay."

"How's that?"

"You see, Mr. Commissioner, I've been kicked out of my office twice now because you won't give me an interview. The last time, the city editor just ordered me to get that interview with Rhinelander Waldo. He didn't say Commissioner

Waldo. And to stay out of the office until I got an interview with Waldo. See? He didn't say Commissioner Waldo. Now, how about promising me the very first interview after you get out of office, or are removed? You'll still be Rhinelander Waldo. I'll be obeying orders to the letter. I'll,have my interview with Rhinelander Waldo. And I'll have had a nice vacation!"

The commissioner chuckled.

"Do they do things that way up there?"

"Well, there's a pretty weell-founded story they often tell; that one man received a cablegram from James Gordon Bennett suspending him for ten years. The man went into business and was successful. On the date of the expiration of his suspension he walked into the Herald office, hung up his hat and sat down at a desk. He waited a while, then went up to the day city editor and asked for an assignment. The editor asked who he was, and the man told him he'd been on the paper many years, and showed Bennett's cablegram suspending him. The situation was reported to Bennett, who recalled the incident and cabled back of course the man was on the paper, been on the paper for years. But the suspended man said he had been forced into a nice business and he was nappy. He just wanted to report back for work to keep up the ~~spirit~~ spirit of the old paper."

"Well," the commissioner commented, "That didn't turn out as bad as it sounded. Maybe you could start a business, too."

"No, Mr. Commissioner. I don't want to go into business; this is my business. I'll stick around until I get that interview ---if I have to wait a year and a half---and I'll still be on the paper. Please tell me why it is that you will not permit an

interview---just to satisfy my curiosity."

"Simplest of reasons. The very first day I was in office I was misquoted, very badly misquoted. It caused me a lot of trouble. Since that day there has been a standing order that I must never be quoted."

"Well, Mr. Commissioner, isn't there a solution just as simple as your reason. Will you let me prepare an interview from the notes I have made and submit it to you. If you like it, you can OK it. If you don't like it, you can tear it up right in front of me, and throw it in the waste basket."

"Why, that sounds reasonable. And my interview will be just as I OK it, not changed a bit?"

"Not changed one ~~mark~~ word; I'll promise that."

"Go ahead. Prepare it and bring it up to the Ritz-Carlton this evening, about 7.30. I have an engagement, but I'll be glad to give you sufficient time."

"Thank you, Mr. Commissioner. That's great. I'll be there."

"Seven-thirty sure," he said. He shook my hand and let me out the door.

Back at the office, I went in by the rear entrance to avoid Pierson. Minutes were precious. If I told him what had transpired, he probably would have asked questions and get my mind off the skeleton of the interview I had formed on my way in. I finished two pages and laid them on my desk beside me. Pierson saw me beating the typewriter, came over, took a glance at the copy lying there.

"My boy, I knew you'd get it," he said, patting me

on the shoulder, and walked away.

Up at the Ritz-Carlton the commissioner saw me immediately. Took the interview and started reading it as he stood. In a few seconds he sat on the sofa and read leisurely.

"Fine," he said when he had finished. "Better than I could do myself. I'll not only OK it, I'll put my signature to it."

He took out his fountain pen and wrote at the bottom of the copy, in bold hand: "Rhinelander Waldo."

Pierson made it first page. In a brief introduction by the editor, he called attention to the fact that it was the first and only authorized interview ever given by Commissioner Waldo. At the end of the interview, appeared a reproduction of the commissioner's signature.

But I didn't get that year and a half vacation.



The author, when he first went on the New York Herald.

BEAU BRUMMELS OF THE PRESS

Herb Swope was what we always called him. And, similarly for short, Edwin C. Hill was Ed. Hill or just Ed. Herb generally signed his name "Herbert Bayard Swope" with a wide and artistic flourish. He was not exactly handsome, but had good features and a ready smile that soon broke down resistance. His red hair seemed to be a maze of electric contacts with his brain and activating a xxxx vocabulary with the impulses of 10,000 a minute, or second, or something.

Herb was six feet tall, as trim and lithe as a top athlete, even though he'd left his thirtieth milestone some distance back. When in a hurry---and he always was---he moved with the lope and surge of a panther.

Well-dressed was Herb. Perfectly tailored clothes. Fifth Avenue cut. Felt hat from the best house. Cane---very important cane. Gloves---very bright gloves. Next to Edwin C. Hill, I thought Herb the best tailored man in the newspaper fraternity. But there was a characteristic difference between the two men. Ed. Hill wore perfectly tailored clothes, too; a black velour hat, dark brown gloves, and a cane. The cane and gloves drew the distinguishing lines between Herb and Ed.

Ed. carried his cane, just carried it. It was merely an adjunct, an appurtenance. His gloves were the color most men

wore. But Herb wore his cane, always swinging on his arm. It was as much a part of his raiment and his personality as his shoes or his shirt or his red hair. And Herb's gloves, beautiful gloves, very expensive gloves, were the brightest yaller chamois gloves ever seen on Broadway. Always so clean and bright. He must have had two dozen pair. And so yellow! When he came breezing down Broadway, you could see his yellow gloves as far away as you could see a yellow taxicab.

Herb had just that modicum of flash and dash that Broadway liked. Just enough to distinguish a topper along the big street. And Broadway and the White Lights were Herb's stamping ground. That was his "district," where he got most of his good stories, or tips on stories. He, occasionally, wrote a story. But more often he would wiggle out of the real work by telephoning the tip to the office and having someone else go get the yarn.

Ed. Hill had a touch of the conventional that made him look as if he had just come from a board of directors meeting. Always easy and suave in manner. Even when pepped up in argument there still was that warmth in his voice. In the two score years I've known Ed. he hasn't changed a bit. Years ago, when he was ace reporter of The Sun, he talked with that same smooth voice of charm you hear when he is on the radio today. It is not a stage voice, not an affected one. It is natural.

On the big stories of those days, it was the custom of reporters to gather at a focal point for the news. In a group, evaluating the situation. Anywhere from six to ten or more would be there. New York then had twice as many newspapers as it has today. And in that group surely would be some, or many, of the

top reporters---men like Walter Davenport, now of Collier's, we always called him "Bill"; Irwin Cobb, then on the World; William P. Beazell, another "Bill;" Hamilton Peltz, Sam Fisher, Joe O'Neill, Frank O'Malley, Heywood Broun, Elmer Davis, Lindsey Denison, Damon Runyon, Westbrook Pegler, Thoreau Cronyn, F. Eugene Ackerman, Karl Decker, Joseph A. Fitzgerald, Thomas B. Hanly, John W. Harrington, Don Martin, Walter Miller, J.S.S.Richardson, "Sandy"; John Russell, E. Richard Schayer, "Dick;" Frank Parker Stockbridge, Victor Talley, Harvey F. Thew, George M. Van Slyke, Stanley Walker, Swope or Hill. Many of those names today are familiar to the reading public, to magazine readers, or to movie goers.

While our group would be discussing, along would come Ed. Hill. In an easy stroll, dragging his cane. Up to the group. His usual procedure was to slow down to a stop with a "Hello Fellers." He'd hang his cane on his arm and proceed to tap a cigarette, as he listened intently to the rest of us. When a lull came, Ed. would ease into the conversation, and it would be only a few minutes before we all were listening to him. Not because we had to; just because we liked to hear him. He never butted in. He never shoved into the discussion unceremoniously.

Herb Swope, on the other hand, usually splashed right into the center of the group, like a wildcat dropping from a tree. His dynamic nervousness compelled us to listen, at once. He talked rapidly, often dominating the discussion. Not wilfully, but just because he couldn't help it. He was simply a pleasing, walking and talking turmoil. But, of one thing you may be sure, Herb always knew what he was talking about, and was a real asset

in the development of a story. And, to his credit, he never tried to talk anyone down. Even in the midst of a perfect analysis he had, he often would stop instantly if anyone else had a thought that might fit into his viewpoint, or even cross-cut it. Herb was a persistent and aggressive digger for news---until he got lazy.

Herb loved to play poker, like the rest of us, or most of us. He was a great poker-playing pal of the then city editor and big man of the New York Herald, Leo L. Redding. The two were in a game very frequently with Captain Thomas Churchill and other police captains and lieutenants, at Churchill's famous restaurant on Broadway.

Herb didn't like to work---especially on trifles. He did outstanding jobs when you chained him down. But he had myriads of artifices for escape, amusingly clever ways to evade work, particularly if he wanted to play poker. His powerful stock alibi was, "Gotta see Redding right away." It was difficult to catch him unawares. He was so cunning at it we simply had to let him escape. I think we all rather admired and condoned the good-natured miscreant for the way he out-manoeuvered us.

Every night the day city editor turned over his long schedule of stories to the night city editor. Naturally it took some time, usually ten or fifteen minutes for the two in conference, heads close together over the big sheet. No attention paid to what was transpiring in other parts of the big room.

Herb used his perfect form for evasion every night. He would appear at the main door of the city room---at just four or five minutes past six oclock, after all the night assignments,

night work, had been given out. He would halt, and squint around to see if the two heads were together at the night desk. If so, he would slither noiselessly to his letterbox. Always fussing with his yellow gloves. We never quite figured if he was taking them off to go to work or putting them on to go away from work; it usually was to go away from work. He would get out of that door like a shadow.

But one night he didn't.

A story had come in by Standard News, a rather dramatic ~~story~~ tale of a whole family of fireworks workers caught in a sudden explosion, in their home. While they were at dinner. I had it in my hand, waiting. With half an eye on the letter-box.

Herb slid in, and was almost out of the door again.

"Herb! Come here. Here's a good story---"

"Oh, dammit, I can't. I gotta get up Broadway. Big news dats!"

Everyone grinned; just the same old poker-game alibi.

"Come right here!" I called.

"Hell and damnation, I ca n't. I gotta get up and meet Redding, right away."

"Let Redding wait! You come and write ~~the~~ This story!"

"You'll get hell from Redding!" he shouted back.

"O.K., but come here. You can write this yarn in half the time you are fussing about it. Come on. Get to work!"

He shuffled over. Stopped at his desk just long enough to remove his yellow gloves and place them with his cane carefully on his desk.

"Gimme the damn thing!" He snatched the copy out of my hand, tearing the flimsy a bit. Grumbling, he went back to his

desk. Kicked a chair into position. Sat down. Slammed his typewriter desk open. Read the story for half a minute. Calmed down, then read again. Turning, he called:

"Hey! This is a helluva good story."

"O.K. Go ahead. No sloppy stuff. You know how to write it. Give us one of your fine first page stories---give it that old masterful Herb Swope touch!"

"O.K.," Herb returned with an affable grin. Herb, like most of us, appreciated a little flattery once in a while---for flattery in a newspaper office is about as rare as a snowball on Satan's breakfast table. In Less than fifteen minutes, Herb finished his story. About 700 words.

He kicked back his chair with a racket. Slammed down his desk top. Came over:

"Here's your damned old yarn. See if you like it!"

Herb stood for the reading. Stood still actually for five minutes, a record for him. Stood patiently, another record. Didn't say a word, a really remarkable record! If you knew Herb Swope.

"It's a cracker-jack, Herb! Swell! A regular Herb Swope yarn!"

He whirled away. Grabbed his cane and gloves, and disappeared down Brain Alley, fussily putting on his yellow gloves.

About half-past nine, Redding walked leisurely into his room, picked up the early proofs and looked them over. Holding a proof in his hand he came to his door and called me. When I entered, he was sitting, waving a proof.

"Here's a fine story, this fireworks yarn. Schedule

it first page. Who wrote it?"

"Herb Swope!"

"Herb Swope?" he almost shouted, incredulous. "A good story like that. I can't believe it. Are you sure?"

"Of course I'm sure. Standard News stuff. I gave it to Herb to rewrite!"

Redding slapped the proof down on his desk. Pushing back his chair, he exploded:

"Miracle! So Herb Swope wrote a story! Will you tell me how in hell you can get that lazy so-and-so to work---to write anything? I can't---and I pay his salary!"

DISCIPLINE NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

Copy boys were an important adjunct to a newspaper in the earlier days. Probably they are just as necessary today. They were employed to run errands for the various editors. As the night city editor's post was the busiest spot in the entire institution of a morning paper, four or five boys usually sat on a bench directly back of that editor, ready to jump in any direction in a flash. It was rather difficult to keep a full complement of the boys because of the night work.

Bob Dill was night city editor, and I was his assistant. Our staff of boys had dropped to three, and of these Bob complained that they often held back and waited for George to do it.

In came two new boys. One was a red-haired, boy, rather tall for his age. Seventeen, and with a face that denoted a definiteness of character even in his youth.

"What's your name?" Bob asked.

"Jimmy, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"Hell's Kitchen, sir," he replied frankly.

Hell's Kitchen was one of the toughest sections of New York City at that time. Thieves, murderers, hold-up men, dope addicts---almost all kinds of evil men lurked there among thousands of hard-working decent people. Naturally Bob visioned trouble or rebellion by this lad on the slightest pretext. However, the boy

was neatly dressed in his rather shabby clothes. His hair was nicely combed, and his face ~~x~~ fresh-looking, as if a proud mother had taken pains with him.

"Where did you work before?" Bob asked.

"I've never worked before, sir."

"Do you know what you have to do?"

"Yes, sir. My mother told me." Jimmy replied with calm respect.

"What did she tell you?"

"Obey orders. Do what I'm told, do it at once, do it the best I can---or get fired. She said it would be good training and I need it."

Bob was taken aback at such frankness. He smiled kindly and said:

"All right, Jimmy. You do just that, and we'll get along beautifully, and maybe I'll make you captain of the boys."

"Thank you, sir." Jimmy replied as he took a place on the bench.

Jimmy was an excellent boy. Ran his errands promptly, speedily. Never grumbled or appeared tired no matter how fast the pressure.

About a fortnight after Jimmy arrived, Boo had an important rush message for the business office.

"Take this down to the business office as quick as you can," he told Jimmy. "Come ~~xixkxxxxx~~ right back. Don't stop for anything or anybody."

Jimmy rushed down Brain Alley (as we called the corridor between the various editorial rooms) and went down the wide front marble steps like a streak. He delivered the message, and ran

back up the steps, two at a time. At the top he threw open the heavy oak door just as James Gordon Bennett, owner of the paper, came to the door on the other side.

Bennett was knocked flat.

Jimmy didn't hesitate a second. He didn't even turn his head with a fleeting "I'm sorry," but sprinted on into the city room and reported. No sooner had he sat than Bennett entered in a hurry, and somewhat ruffled.

"Boy, what do you mean by knocking me down?"

Jimmy stood up.

"I'm very sorry, sir. I don't know who you are, but my orders were to get down to the business office and back as quick as I could, and not stop for anybody or anything---"

"My Gawd," Bennett exclaimed, "I wish I could get everyone working like that---Here's ten dollars for you!"

SPYING OUT AVIATION FOR THE WORLD

Seldom have the discoverers of a great scientific fact or principle, or great inventors, been reluctant to announce their success and prove it to the world. Seldom, after making their public claims, have they been discounted, called fakers and promoters, and driven into hiding for three years. Seldom has it been necessary for five men to hide in bushes and brake pestered by bugs and snakes for three days and nights, spying on the discoverers, awaiting an opportunity to get definite evidence of the success while the discoverers themselves were maintaining every barrier to prevent the public learning about their achievement. Seldom has a layman, unskilled in a required art, obtained the one bit of indisputable evidence of success while professionals stood around open-mouthed and gaping at their failure.

That, in brief, is the story of giving aviation to the world; of bringing into the public light the accomplishment of the Wright Brothers, Wilbur and Orville, two boys from Ohio---the taking of the first picture of an airplane in flight which proved to the world that there actually was a machine that could fly.

While the Wright Brotthers were not the actual inventors of the airplane, they were the first men in all the world to lift an airplane from the ground by its own power---and with a person in it. The Chinese had been using gliders for generations. The Wright boys, following unsuccessful efforts of preceding pioneers

like Clement Adler of France, Hiram Maxim of England and Professor Samuel P. Langley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, around the late 1880s and the 1890s, started experiments with gliders. Professor Langley began his tests at flying by making numerous glider jumps from the hills around Fort Washington, Maryland. Occasionally he would not glide so well and would flop into the Potomac. He, Adler and Maxim experimented about the same time with motors to drive the gliders. They all failed because their machines cracked up so completely they could not determine the cause of their failures from the pieces.

While Professor Langley's efforts failed he aroused tremendous interest in flying in this country, and continued his experiments on and off. We boys living in Washington then all thought he was crazy. We laughed at the prophecies of our mothers who---way back then---told us with amazing certainty that future wars would be fought in the air! And we would recite that very popular poem of the day, "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," which cracked up completely like Professor Langley's. But our mothers would counter with: "Well, you just wait and see!"

And we have seen!

With these failures of eminent scientists before them, the Wrights made intensive studies and developed their own ideas of aerodynamics. They may have got their idea of a motor from Adler, Langley and Maxim, or maybe not. To be alone and experiment in secret, they went down to one of the most inaccessible spots imaginable. That was at Kill Devil Hill, three miles below Kitty Hawk on one of the long sand dunes that skirt the ~~Kmx~~ North Carolina coast. They built three hangars

and continued glider experiments. Then they attached a small gasoline motor to a glider plane and, on December 17, 1903, lifted the craft from the ground. It went not much farther than one of Babe Ruth's home run hits and not as high, but it was the first time in the world that a heavier-than-air craft ever had left the ground under its own power. Orville Wright made that flight.

Confident they were approaching the secret of flying, they reconstructed their craft and took it to Huffman Prairie, eight miles east of Dayton, Ohio. There, on October 23, 1905, the Wrights announced that they had made a flight of more than twenty-four miles, some time before. The plane rose only a few feet off the ground and was shielded from public gaze by a high fence. The Wrights simply stated that they had made such a flight. The public would not believe them. People began calling them crazy, liars, stock promoters, and such things. Anyone maintaining that he had seen such a flight, or any other craft flying, was put in much the same category as people of today who report seeing flying saucers. To make matters worse, the Wrights simply boxed up their machine and faded out of the public eye for nearly three years.

Long about the first of April, 1908, we began receiving in the New York Herald office, telegrams from a man in North Carolina, stating that he was seeing an aircraft making short jumps some distance away. He was D. Bruce Sally. He was not a regular correspondent; not even in the newspaper business so far as we could learn. His messages were not in newspaper clarity or lingo; not even bulletin terseness. We laughed at them and begin to think

that this man was crazy too. But his messages became so insistent, although confusing that James Gordon Bennett, owner of the Herald, ordered Byron R. Newton to go to North Carolina and learn if the reports from Sally were true and to "tell frankly whether the men are actually flying or are merely fakers." Newton, later assistant secretary of the United States Treasury, was one of the first reporters to take up aviation as a specialty, and he had been made head of the Herald's aeronautical department, the first set up in this country. Newton knew that an actual photograph was all that was needed to prove the Wrights were flying. So he engaged Jimmy Hare, probably the most renowned news photographer of the day---and of many years after---and two other professional photographers to go with him. They, of course, would be equipped with all the necessary combersome ~~equipment~~ paraphernalia of the time required for good work. Newton was nothing much of a photographer himself but he took along a small folding pocket kodak of the type that were then beginning to replace the old box type. He picked up Sally on the way who also had a camera.

Newton and I were good friends of some years standing. We had seen the first automobile race in this country, the Vanderbilt Cup on Long Island in 1904, and were mutually interested in any new type of transportation that the gasoline motor might bring. Newton, either with remarkable prescience or uncanny ability to make correct guesses, was strong and voluble in his predictions that air navigation soon would be solved. He maintained that it would not be ~~long~~ many years before we would be seeing great ships of all kinds flying through the air. He would become so dramatic and analytic in his certainties that occasionally I'd tell him he was going crazy like the rest of them.

He'd retaliate by declaring I was too crazy to understand even the simplest scientific fact---and he was not far wrong, at that.

Newton had a nimble wit. Every time he covered a story he came back to the office with some humorous episode that had occurred. He would relate it---but not for publication. So, on his return from this great story, we expected to hear something Newtonesque. Surrendering completely to his beliefs with an admission that I was a crazy one, we went across to Keene's Chop House. Over tne dinner table, Byron, with here and there the ever-present bits of humor, told me what we all considered pretty much of an epic of newsgetting.

"You know," he said with a chuckle, "it all was very much like playing cops and robbers---we were the robbers. We actually were trying to steal away from the Wrights something they were guarding with the utmost secrecy. Five men with cameras would excite curiosity if not suspicion in almost any small town. And if anywhere near the Wrights, it wouldn't be long before they would learn of it. So we had to lay our operations very carefully and sneak up on them by devious routes---and in the dark. The Wrights were on guard continually and turned everyone away from Kill Devil Hill.

"We five, including Sally, met at Elizabeth City, Virginia, and planned our procedure. We figured our best bet would be to go down to Roanoke Island, North Carolina, far out in the waters where Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound meet. From there it would be about ten miles across the water to the point nearest to Kill Devil Hill that we might dare to land. Kill Devil Hill was three miles south of Kitty Hawk. Both overlook the Atlantic ocean. It was

about the most inaccessible spot anyone could imagine. A person approaching from any direction could be seen for miles and the Wrights would be sure to close hangars and turn the visitor away.

"It took us three days to get to Roanoke Island. We landed at Manteo. We were as wary of everyone as robbers, but we learned by indirect questioning that the Wrights were still over at Kill Devil Hill. We left Manteo one morning at four oclock, in a launch, moving slowly to keep the propeller as quiet as possible. We landed at the long dune before daybreak and covered our boat with boughs and brush. We were six miles from Kill Devil Hill and had to walk that distance through sandhill and jungle and get there before daylight. We hid in the woods more than a mile from the Wrights to watch their movements. Spying on them. We dared not show ourselves, for the Wrights would shut down immediately and chase us away. Endless numbers of moccasins, black snakes, wild hogs, bugs and such critters infested the place and kept us pretty busy driving them off.

"We saw nothing that day except the men moving in and out of the hangars. We left in the afternoon, to get back to Roanoke Island before any of the Wright party started, lest they learn that we were away from Manteo and get suspicious of us."

"You did that thirty miles every day?"

"No. That twelve miles of sand and jungle, plus the twenty miles across the Sound and back, was a pretty tough job for us to make each day, so we decided to go over and remain on the Kitty Hawk dune. Being seen around Manteo was not good either. We stocked up with canned goods and water---just a makeshift supply; started a little earlier than before and reached the shore

still in darkness. We landed a bit closer to Kill Devil Hill than previously and found a splendid shelter of brush that, with a few added boughs, hid our boat completely. We now had less than five miles to our hiding-place. We lugged our food, paraphernalia and supplies, and before dawn were camped down in a well-sheltered spot where we could keep our eyes on the hangars and not be seen. We all had field glasses. We lay there for three days, getting up late in the night to walk about and stretch.

"On the morning of Wednesday, May 13, 1908, just at sunrise, Jimmy Hare jumped up and called excitedly: 'For God's sake, look at that! Look at that!'

"We all looked. There was the Wright biplane coming almost straignt at us, following the lay of the strip of dunes.

"'Look!' another called. 'There are two men in the machine!"

"The machine not only was travelling well, but was carrying two men, something that never had been accomplished before."

"How about pictures? You didn't mention them."

Newton laughed. "I shouldn't mention them---or lack of them. We all were so dumbfounded at the appearance of that thing, actually flying through the air, that not a single one of us thought of taking a snapshot, although that was what we had come for, and that was all that was needed to prove to the world that the Wrights really were flying."

"Five camera men, and not a picture! What a flop!"

"Not a shot! Not even by Jimmy Hare. I'll bet that is the only time in his life that he ever fell down on a great story."

"Well, how did it happen that you got one, and no one else?"

"You won't believe it. Five camera men and one shot. Well, after that biplane came so close to us---it was close for less than a minute---it started down and landed a short distance away. It was equipped with long skids like the runners of a sleigh sticking out in front, and on these it was catapulted off a frame inside the hangar to start it. The two men on the plane got off, went back to the hangars and returned with trundling wheels. They placed the biplane on these and dragged it back to the hangars and inside."

"You must have felt like a lot of dummies."

"Worse than that," Newton laughed. "We surely did. We sat around all the rest of the morning damning ourselves---damning ourselves and bellyaching---but doing nothing about it---not a thing about it, mind you, but cussing our luck. The hangar doors were wide open. We could see the Wrights and the mechanics busily tinkering with the motors; but, even at that, it never dawned on us that the machine might come out again and that we certainly should get our cameras ready.

"We were all still cussing our luck when, just about noon, there was feverish activity about the plane. We should have known there was a chance of the plane coming out---but no---we didn't make a move. And then, in another few minutes, here she comes shooting out of the hangar and up into the air. We, of course, were all caught off our guard once more. Think of that! We became more excited than on the first hop. I grabbed my kodak and when the biplane came within shooting distance I snapped. ~~The~~ There was hardly more than a minute that the plane was within sight or range, and the other men ran around in circles, bumping into one another, picking up wrong things here, looking for mislaid things

there, and dropping things. They became so befuddled that not a one got his camera in order before the biplane faded out of shooting distance.

"The biplane seemed to be under perfect control. Wilbur Wright was driving it, and a mechanic was with him. They went about two miles or two and a half, and turned three times. Then they dropped to the ground behind one of the dunes. I was the only one who got a picture."

That picture, the first ever taken of man actually flying, gave aviation to the world. It was the first flight made before any considerable number of men who could prove that the machine actually got off the ground, with men in it, moved under perfect control, traveled several miles, and made three turns. It opened up aviation, not only in America but in Europe.

Back in 1905 when the Wrights announced their flight at Huffman Prairie and the dumb public not only refused to believe them but villified them, there was one man who was not at all sure that the Dayton public was anywhere near right. He was Colonel Charles W. Knapp, editor of the StLouis Republic. He decided to make his own investigation. Five months later, when the antagonism had died down, he sent Henry F. Woods, top reporter on the Republic staff, to Dayton to interview the Wrights, get pictures and so on. Woods did not see the plane or get pictures of it. Nor did he find the Wrights at all receptive to being interviewed. They surrounded themselves and the plane with the greatest secrecy. But Woods tagged their steps for one whole week, managing to see one or the other for a few minutes each day. By a little diplomacy

and persistence he obtained a story that should have convibced even the Dayton public that the Wrights were not fakers. Eventually Orville Wright gave him a schedule of the ~~fix~~ flights made in September and October ~~previously~~ 1905 at Huffman ~~Fix~~ Prairie. It read:

"September ~~25x~~ 26, 1905, 11 1-8 miles, time 18.09, making about 17 complete circles. September 29, 1905, 12 miles, time 19.55, making 14 complete circles. September 30, 10 miles, time 17.15. October 3, 15 1-4 miles, 25.05. October 4, 20 3-4 miles, 33.17. October 5, 24 1-5 miles, time 38.03." This last was the best flight, the rate of speed approaching forty miles an hour.

Woods obtained from the Wrights the names of nine men they said had seen the ~~fi~~ flights. It was five months later, but Woods found four of them: Henry Weber, William Webber, W. C. Fouts, Dayton merchants, and Edward W. Ellis, chief deputy city auditor of Dayton, who was accompanied by a friend from the Census Bureau in Washington. They verified the story completely.

This was the first factual story obtained from the Wrights, with extended interviews. It was published, a full page, in the Republic, and a similar story in the New York Herald which had a working arrangement with the Republic. In spite of this story, which all subsequent events proved correct, distrust of the Wrights continued.

But this distrust did not deter Mr. Bennett. He immediately established in 1906 the Coupe Internationale des Aeronautes for balloonists, as a related step in aviation. The first race was held in France in Septemoer 1906. It was won by Lieutenant Frank S. Lahm, of the Sixth United States Cavalry, and Major Henry B.

Hershey, of the United States Weather Bureau, oringing the cup and the trophy to America.

And then when Byron Newton's photograph of 1908 gave positive proof of the Wright brothers success, Mr. Bennett took steps to make the whole world xxx aware that the day of man's flying had arrived. He at once established the Coupe Internationale xxx d'Aviation. The first race was held at Rheims, France, August 28, 1909. The Wrights did not enter, but Glenn H. Curtiss, with a little plane he called the June Bug did. There were only five men in the race; for France, Louis Bleriot, Hubert Latham, and Ernest Lefebvre; for England, H. Cockburn, and for the United States, Curtiss. Curtiss won, flying 20 kilometers in 15 minutes 50 3-5 seconds---about 12 1-2 miles in 16 minutes, or at an average speed of approximately 45 or 46 miles an hour. Curtiss brought the Gordon Bennett Cup to America.

The second contest for the Gordon Bennett Cup now was set for October 10, 1910, in the United States, to start from Belmont Park, Long Island, circle the Statue of Liberty, and return to the Park. The distance was 100 kilometers, or 62.14 miles. As Byron Newton was the best informed xxx reporter in New York aviation circles, we clustered around him at Keene's to get his prophecy. He knew both the Wrights well, Wilbur as Big Brother and Orville as Little Brother. He knew Curtiss and all of the men prominent in aviation interests. We discussed the comparative speeds of the automobile and the airplane which had not been so swift up to that time. Then Newton suggested:

"Why don't you take Betsy, go out there and race the planes in---or as far as road conditions will permit. That should be an

interesting race. You will be at a disadvantage because running over a highway that is none too good, while the planes will have clear sailing. If you can keep fairly close under them you will win because of the handicap. Drive out about two miles from the Park to give the airplanes time to get up to their top speed; get a running start with them and see what you can do. I doubt if these planes can do much better than sixty miles an hour, and you'll have roadway enough to do that for about five or six miles."

Out at the Park were ten competing flyers. As they walked about in their queer suits, headgear and flopping things, they surely looked heroic and like supermen. For France there were: A. LeBlanc, Hubert Latham, E. Auburn and John B. Moissant; for Great Britain, Claude Grahame-White, J. Radley, and A. Ogilvie; for the United States, W. Brookins, J. A. Drexel and C. K. Hamilton.

With Betsy parked a mile or more from the grandstand, we waited for the first contest, anti, with motor idling. Betsy was young then; hardly a year old. Of sturdy Italian parentage, and speedy. Three other cars came and stopped behind us, apparently all with the idea of racing. The road ahead was too narrow for anyone to try to pass, particularly at speed.

In a few minutes came a roar. The first plane was away. In a few more minutes, another plane; then another. Somehow all the cars seemed to be delaying for the same reason, but all had their motors roaring and snapping for a jump. Then came another plane. It was Moissant's glistening entry. We all shot forward at the same time, and within a few yards were running nearly fifty miles an hour which was pretty fast going forty years ago.

We kept right under that plane for several miles. As we had to glance up almost vertically to keep Moissant in view, no car attempted to pass another. We increased speed and whirled along until Moissant began to get ahead inch by inch. We'd raced nearly six miles, holding almost straight under him, when we heard wild screeches of a railroad train. Gates were dropping and a flagman was waving frantically at us. We came to a bunched up stop and Moissant's plane went on into the west. That's all we saw of that great race, the first airplane race in this country. But we proved that the automobile then was as fast, if not much faster, than the plane even with the handicap of running on the ground.

Grahame-White completed the 100 kilometers in 1 hour, 1 minute and 4 seconds, winning the cup with an average speed of just a little better than sixty miles an hour, as Byron Newton had figured it out---and the flight of man through the air was here to stay.

"FIND PEARY"

One evening I walked into the New York Herald office twenty minutes late, sore over some petty criticism or complaint of the day before. I was then assistant night city editor. Howard Hillegas, the city editor, and a grand one, grabbed me as I was entering the building.

"Get up to McLane (George McLane, the news editor)," as quick as you can---a grand assignment!" he said.

At the head of the stairs, Owen Oliver, top copy-reader, caught me by the arm, pushing me ahead of him.

"Jim McElhone is trying to get the assignment," he warned, "but you're the right one!"

By the "right one" Oliver meant this: I had written and had published in the Sunday edition, August 29, 1909, a full-page prediction that Peary or Cook would come back this time with the discovery of the North Pole. "Have American Explorers Discovered the North Pole?" was the eight-column headline. A large map detailed their probable route of return. Cook was heard from September 1, with a claim to the discovery. Peary was heard from September 7, asserting the discovery was his. He added: "Cook is a faker and a liar!" That was all he would say. He would not reply to wireless messages, or add to his statement. Someone had to go find Peary! Where? How? The New York Herald meant to find him, and orders were similar to those given Stanley

to "Go find Livingstone." There were no instructions, and no suggestions. Just go do it!

In McLane's office, he snoved $400 into my hand.

"There's a train out of Grand Central Station in twenty minutes," he said. "Can you catch it?"

"Yes."

"Get up to Nova Scotia. When you get to Sydney there'll be all the money you want. Go out and find Peary!"

Very simple orders. There was no time to figure out how to follow them. I had to catch the train.

Grabbing the money, I ran all the way to the Grand Central Station. The train left five minutes later. I had had no chance to get suitable clothing, and was wearing only summer togs. Just as the train was pulling out, Roy Howard, of the United Press, now director of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, and Herbert L. Bridgeman, who had financed Peary, swung aboard. On all ~~x~~ his previous trips, Peary had been paid something around $20,000 by the New York Herald, for his story, but on this try he had demanded $35,000. Bennett refused, and Peary contracted to sell to the New York Times for the $35,000. So, naturally, it did not look as if I would be received any too favorably by Peary, if I caught up with him.

On the way up to Nova Scotia, Roy Howard and I became good friends, and schemed various ways to reach Peary. Bridgeman was cordial and offered suggestions. Between Montreal and Sydney, a fellow traveller told me the Sydney Record always had had placed at its disposal on Peary's returns, the Canadian Cable Ship Tyrian. He promised to see that the Record took me

along. There would be no other newspaper men, just the two Record men and me. I told Howard of my good luck.

"Keep mum," he advised. "Don't tell a soul, or all the other men will find some way to raise hell and get on the Tyrian. That looks great. You've got the bulge on everyone. I'd like to go with you, of course, but I couldn't because no one knows how long you'll be out, or where, and I've got to get back to New York and see how my shop is running."

"That's fine, Roy. But when I get back I'll give you all the dope, or send it to you," I promised.

When Roy and I walked into the Sydney Hotel, eight or ten others newspaper men were there. Most of them were from Canadian papers, one or two from Boston. We were the only ones from New York. All the others immediately jumped to conclusions; they were sure the United Press and the New York Herald were working together and against the others. Roy sensed that at once, and grinned:

"Well, let 'em think we're working together. Let's work together. We'll have some fun with those monkeys. I read that prediction of your's and I think you know more about this North Pole stuff than all of them put together."

So, we worked together, kept together, evaded the others at every turn. We acted mysteriously, and nardly spoke a word to them. They watched us continually, never letting us get out of their sight, and They spied on us. When we were at our meals---we always ate together---one or two of the "enemy" stood near the entrance to the dining-room with an eye on us. When we turned in at night---we had adjoining rooms---there was always a

watchful sentinel in the corridor to see that we never sneaked out. They kept guard all night long.

Every man was trying to charter a boat to get out on the search for Peary. They cabled and telegraphed ~~ix~~ to all near-by ports. No ships to be had. Captains did not want to go up through the Strait of Belle ~~Isle~~ Isle---the "graveyard of ships." Too many icebergs.

Up to this time, my political friends had not made the promised arrangements and I began to fear the Sydney Record plan was off. So I strolled along the water front and heard of a French trawler, with a reputation none too good, that might go out. It had been fired on several times for poaching. Later, I told Roy Howard I might disappear that night. I went down to the dock just as a stormy rain began. I came to a terrible-looking craft.

A worse-looking sentry, in dripping sou'wester and rubber coat and boots, greeted me roughly:

"Whatchu want?"

"I want to see the captain. See if he'll take me out."

"Out where? When?"

"Out to find Peary. Now."

"Hell, the captain don't know where Peary is. Nobody knows---"

"Well, we'll go looking for him."

"Go looking for him? That sounds crazy to me. There's a awful lot of water out there, and it aint pretty water either, son. It's a tough night out. Ever done any seain'?"

"No, I've never been to sea."

"What! Never done no seain' an' you want to go out on a night like this. That beats me. Yer stummik will have a awful time. This old tub stinks worse'n a dead whale, an' when she battens down in a storm like this an' you gotta stay inside, you'll find out what a big stink is. But, ef you've got th' guts an' yer stummik's strong, maybe you'll pull through. Go aboard--- Cap'n Hank's his name."

I went aboard, floundering along the jumping deck. As I passed the first hatch, an odoriferous blast hit me, that almost took my breath. I walked into the ward room, to face as evil-visaged a crew as ever sailed with Captain Kidd. They looked as if throat-cutting and dumping a body overboard were merely one of their pasttimes.

However, Captain Hank greeted me with a reassuring smile. He became interested in my proposal, said he would go anywhere, anytime, for $350 a day. Soon we were pounding our way out through the storm. The seas smashed on us and swirled along the deck. But the hardy seamen paid no attention to the rumpus, and I was considerably relieved.

About eleven that night, I was sitting in the ward room. Three or four of the crew came in. They looked rather glum and fearsome, but, as they seated themselves around the big table, one of them asked:

"You're from the States, aint you?"

"Yes," I replied, with a slight quaver in my voice.

"We likes t' see boys from the States. Tell us about th' Hippodrome, and th' Bowery Music Hall, an' Steve Brodie, th' Bridge jumper, an' th' Brooklyn Bridge, an' all them other

places. Cap'n Hank says he bought th' bridge once---but he didn't get no receipt."

That eased me considerably. I had been in Steve Brodie's saloon to see his silver-dollared floor, and the Hippodrome; but I had not been in many other places they mentioned. However, I'd read so much about them, I regaled them with the most ~~lurid~~ lurid tales I could spin. They sat around open-mouthed, like a lot of boys, grinning and chuckling. Two of them left for the "church-yard watch," midnight to four. The others sat there until about two in the morningm when we all turned into our bunks.

When daylight came, the sea was running smoothly. The storm had died down. We had a heaping breakfast of fresh fried fish, coffee, hot rolls bigger than your fist, and marmalade. After that Captain Hank said:

"Son, don't you know th' Tyrian is going out Sunday night or Monday morning?"

That was something of a shock, as I thought it was top-drawer secret.

"How do you know?"

"One of th' correspondents had some drinks with one of my men. My man came aboard just before you an' told me. I thought you knew all about it, an' was tryin' to get ahead of them---"

"I was, but this has me guessing."

"Well, son, I believe it would be best for us t' put back an' you take the Tyrian. We can get back in a few hours in this smooth sea. You see, th' Tyrian knows all th' coasts of Newfoundland, an' Labrador, an' th' Greenland waters. I

don't. I'm just a fisherman. Th' Roosevelt, Peary's ship, might be hauled up somewhere an' we'd go right past the spot. An' if we met th' Roosevelt, she mightn't hove to for us---our reputation's pretty bad. She'd hove to for th' Canadian Government ship. Th' Tyrian sure will get to her---I could guarantee that. With us, I'll do my best, but I can't guarantee anything because I don't know these coasts, especially around Bell Isle. I'll keep on if you say so; but think it over."

I thought it over in a hurry. Ten minutes later we were heading back to Sydney. We drew in alongside an obscure dock, just as it started raining again. I hustled up a back street, went to a department store, bought some shirts and underwear, and walked back to the hotel. All of the correspondents---about eighteen now---were in the hotel, out of the rain. Roy Howard was at the front door when I entered.

"Get any clothes?" he asked casually. The others did not suspect that I had been anywhere but to a store. They did not learn for days that I had been headed for the Newfoundland coast during the night.

My political friend came in then to tell me the situation.

"It's all fixed for you to go on the Tyrian. Everything would have been fine for just you three men on the Tyrian, but my friends of the Record were so jubilant that they were the only ones who had a boat that the other men got busy and have been pouring telegrams into the office of the Minister of Public Works to allow other newspaper men to go aboard."

So, Roy Howard's prediction had come true. Apparently all the correspondents now in Sydney would be on the Tyrian,

which had just docked at North Sydney, ten miles across the bay.

It was now Saturday night. While we were at dinner, with the sentry's eye on us, Roy had an idea.

"Now let's have some fun with these monkeys," he said with a grin. "You know the last ferry to North Sydney leaves at exactly 7 oclock. We'll jump out the dining-room window, rush along the porch, and get on that last ferry with seconds to spare. We'll drive 'em crazy."

In full view of the sentry, we sidled over to the side window, climbed out, then ran noisily down the porch and the front steps. All the other correspondents started milling around the hotel lobby, then out onto the front porch to see us sprinting up towards the center of the town. We doubled back between buildings. Then ran across an open space to the ferry. Those other newsmen, now seeing our move, piled down the front porch like a pack of bloodhounds, one or two lugging their typewriters, all tearing towards the ferry.

We leaped onto the up-lifting gangplank and were on our way across the bay, while fifteen or sixteen correspondents were left standing in the rain. Cussing and yelling, they snouted for the captain to come back and get them. But the little old ferry kept chugging right along.

When we got over to North Sydney, Roy and I simply loitered around the hotel lobby for a while and then went to bed. In the morning we had a leisurely breakfast, read the weekly paper, walked about the town a bit, had a mid-day meal and then, with two bottles of good liquor, went over to see Captain A. A. Dickson, the Tyrian's skipper.



Captain Dickson (Second from ~~left~~ right) and the other ship's officers.

We found him a genial, good-natured man. Quite expansive, with a warm smile breaking through his weather-beaten face like the sun through a cloud. He invited us up to the ward-room. His mate and three or four others of his crew accompanied him, and he had his cookie serve refreshments. Roy has the most engaging repertoire of any raconteur I ever heard, and his sprightly and captivating manner in the telling, kept us all in high spirits. I could bang the piano sufficiently to please a few sailors, if they didn't know much about music. We varied our program gradually, and carried it on toward the foul conspiracy we had in minds. When everyone was feeling blithe and gay, we asked:

"Captain Dickson, you've always gone out to meet Peary on his return from these Polar trips?"

He said he had.

"Do you receive any particular orders, as to just exactly when you are to leave, or how proceed?"

"Well, I'd hardly say yes to that. I've been up so often that I know about where I might pick him up, or where he might put in to lay up for a storm, or too many icebergs. When we get a wireless, I know pretty well how far he might come in the next day or two. As I receive no definite hour for sailing, I guess you'd say they pretty much leave everything up to me---Go when I think it the best time."

"On other words, you go just about when you think you might meet him under the most favorable conditions."

"That's about it."

"There's no specific order to prevent you from untying

and going out? At any time?"

"Nothing definite, although I may get some word by Monday morning. I plan to leave then."

"Couldn't you pull out right now, without disoberying any order?"

"Well, probably. Might get a reprimand, because I understand other newspaper men want to get on board."

"Yes, there are others. Plenty others. There must be at least fifteen over in Sydney right now, and there'll be others coming along with every train."

"Fifteen or eighteen! Where'll I bunk them? I have no accommodations for so many men. I don't know where I'll put them."

"If you pulled out right now, you would have no worry about that. I'll bet that by tomorrow there'll be thirty or forty more here, or on their way. Why not pull out right now? No orders against it!"

"Well---well."

We felt the captain was weakening.

"Yes, let's go now---right now," we urged.

Captain Dickson stood up and started for the door. We were sure of victory.

"Mate," he said quickly, "what do you---"

At that moment there was a clattering of swift footsteps along the deck, interrupting the skipper. In another moment, the door was thrown open, and in stalked eight of the other correspondents. They stood silently for a moment or two, dourly suspicious of the situation. Then one asked:

"Captain, when do you sail?"

"Some time tomorrow."

"When can we come aboard?"

"Any time tomorrow. But our accommodations are meagre for so many men. It won't be a pleasant voyage. Some probably will have to sleep on deck."

Our conspiracy was nipped in the bud!

Moreover, all those other correspondents stuck close to us, grinning, for they well knew what we were up to. That evening, we all took the last ferry back to Sydney; all together. Not one of the "enemy" would leave ahead of us. All ~~of us~~ were grinning; two of us at our own defeat.

Roy and I hung around the Sydney Hotel, under close espionage, all evening and night. In the morning, we took the first ferry back to North Sydney, accompanied by two or three of the others. The rest were coming in the afternoon. The few with us occasionally grinned knowingly. Later, we knew why. Their leader had received a cablegram from the Minister of Public Works informing him that all the correspondents would be taken aboard the Tyrian. They felt so secure now that they remained around the hotel in North Sydney, with one or two men on guard at the Tyrian against any more conniving and the ship slipping out. Roy and I sauntered around, always trailed, and late in the afternoon we called on Captain Dickson again. We took him aside. He showed us the cablegram from the Minister of Public Works. It read:

"Await the arrival of the six oclock train Monday from Montreal with other correspondents."

It was then about half past four.

"Why, captain; there are fifteen or sixteen here now," we told him. "That train will bring anywhere from twenty to fifty more. This is the biggest story of the century. There'll be regular reporters, feature writers, magazine specialists and what not on that train. Photographers. Maybe some of the sob sisters."

"Sob Sisters?"

"Yes---women reporters."

"My Gawd, I haven't room for the men. What'll I do with the women?"

"These people will surely get on the boat; make no mistake about that!"

Captain Dickson scratched his head.

"Too many people! Too many people; but I guess I'll just have to wait."

Another low conspiracy suddenly unfolded to us.

"Captain, let's see that cablegram again."

He showed it.

"Why, Captain; this cablegram says plainly to await the arrival of the six oclock train from Montreal with other correspondents---an army of correspondents. It doesn't tell you what to do with them. It doesn't order you to take them aboard the Tyrian. It doesn't even mention the Tyrian. There are no orders or even instructions about these people when they get here; what to do with them. Just wait for the train! Of course, one might infer naturally that you are to take them aboard the Tyrian; but, Captain, inferences don't go in any man's orders. You know that. You have a very plain and very simple order---to await the arrival of the Monday train---only that and nothing more."

"Um-m! Yes, that's quite plain!"

"Now, Captain, you can arrange with the station master to telephone you official word that the train has arrived. As soon as you are officially informed of its arrival, it's within your province ---and strictly according to your orders---to up-anchor and slide out of the harbor. And you won't be disobeying orders, for you have none pertaining to the time after the arrival of the six oclock train."

"I hadn't thought of that. What was worrying me most was how could I accommodate so many men. And the women! Why, with only one cookie and a slobber-boy we'd be all day feeding fifty or sixty people in our small mess. Yes I'll arrange with the station master so I'll get official word that the train has arrived. When it comes in, we go right out!"

And Captain Dickson did just that. Just as the ship's bell was clanging six oclock, the screws of the Tyrian began turning slowly. A few moments later came the official word that the six oclock train was in. The Tyrian backed out, swung around, and pointed her nose toward the frowning rocks of Newfoundland, with just eighteen correspondents aboard. How many we left behind we did not know, but when we returned the town's population had been increased by sixty or seventy other writers, photographers and feature men. And there were coming on more than [illegible]

For an hour or more the Tyrian slid along the amooth sea at slow speed, while the correspondents found their sealegs. We all were wandering about the deck, wondering where we would bunk. Captain Dickson drew me aside:

"Do you know Skipper Meriwether?" he asked.

"Very well. He (Walter Meriwether, now owner of the Mississippi Sun) was the big ship news man of the New York Herald

for years. He's here for the New York Times now; not here; he's one of those we left behind."

Captain Dickson chuckled.

"Well," he said, "the captain of a tramp steamship, tied up over there, told me Skipper Meriwether had done a wonderful thing for him down in the Tropics, and if ever I could help a Herald man to do so. You know we have no accommodations on this ship for all these correspondents, but I have accommodations for you--my room on the forward deck. I'll sleep in my bunk up on the bridge. Come."

He took me into a cabin about 12 feet by 15, equipped with double bed, wardrobe, writing-desk, etc., etc. It did not take me long to get settled. All I had beside a rented typewriter was a bundle like Ben the Luggage Boy had when he first hit New York. In it were the two extra shirts I had picked up, a sweater, an extra suit of underclothes, toothbrush and powder, hairbrush and comb---things picked up in Sydney, as I had left home with nothing extra. The only cap I could find in North Sydney was a funny-looking flimsy thing---twenty-five cents. And it certainly looked twenty-five cents. It sat on my head like a half-done waffle. Few of the correspondents had brought shaving outfits; forgot them in the rush. On the trip we went without shaving and got to look like the House of David's ball team.

Presently, while strolling about the deck, I met a lone straggler, Fred Thompson, of the Boston Post. We walked the deck together, marvelling at the beauty of the deep jet night we were poking into. The stars were so brilliant they seemed to be hanging from the heavens on strings, almost within reach. In the wake of the ship, the phosphorus billowed up in great pools, twenty feet

and more across, and glowing sufficiently for us to read the headlines of a newspaper.

We had been pacing around for half an hour when it occurred to me that pernaps Thompson had found no place to sleep.

"Where are you bunking?"

"I have no place. Some of the sailors gave up their bunks; but I was too late. I'll find a place on deck where I can sleep."

"Well, I have a cabin, the Captain's cabin. If you would like to double up with me, come along."

He opened his mouth wide when I showed him through the door. After he had placed his things on the bureau, we walked out on deck again, just as the Aurora Borealis burst forth across the northern sky in all its prismatic glory---a great fan that beckoned to us and scintillated with fantastic allure. For fully ten minutes it was on display; then whisked out as sharply as if someone had turned off an electric light. Fifteen or twenty minutes later it lit up the sky again. It gave us four or five performances, each time of a different shape; then stopped for the night. We walked back to our cabin strangely impressed by the magic of it all, the lure of the North.

After a good night's sleep on smooth water, we were up before daybreak, filling our lungs with the salty tang of the early morning air. After breakfast, while we were sitting in the cabin working out a story, a group of correspondents passed near the door; then stopped a short distance away. They were in some heated discussion. We listened.

"We'll ~~bust~~ bust this Herald man with a belaying pin if he don't do what we want," one of them said. "He was tied up with Roy Howard,

and now he's going it alone with the Boston Post. I'll take a crack at him!"

"Who's going to bust who with a belaying pin?" I asked as we stepped out of the cabin and surprised the group.

"We'll bust you, because you've been playing against us all the time," came various voices. "You nearly stole the snip away from us. You fixed it so a lot more correspondents were left behind. Now you're hooked up with the Boston Post against us."

"That's all cockeyed. I knew Roy Howard very slightly in Washington years ago. I hadn't seen him since; not until we happened to come up here on the same train. When we walked into the hotel, you were the ones that ganged up. You kept away from us. Watched us like a pack of wolves. You wouldn't even speak to us. Roy saw that immediately, and took the situation as a joke---and ~~xxxx~~ suggested we make a joke of it. So far as stealing the snip ~~away~~ away from you, you licked us at that didn't you? We know you are just crying your hearts out because we dished thirty or more others."

"How about the Boston Post?"

"I never saw Fred Thompson, here, until last night. He was alone on deck, with no place to sleep, and I invited him to double up with me. Now, I'll tell you how close I came to leaving all of you behind---and no scheming at that. If the Sydney Record folks had kept the secret to themselves, I and the two Sydney Record men would be the only newspaper people on this boat---right now!"

"What's all the bellyaching about, anyhow?" Fred Thompson asked.

"Well," replied Barton Curry, of the New York World, and later editor of the Country Gentleman, "We've all agreed that when we

finally get to a wireless station, or telegraph wire, we'll each file only 200 words; two men can double up and send 400 words to their papers, same story; or three men 600 words. That'll give every man a chance. We'll draw lots for the order in which we file."

"Why, that's fair enough," Fred said. "Why didn't you say something about it to us before? We're for it. Would have OK'd it long ago. It protects everyone. Let's draw lots right now."

We did so. Thompson and I drew Nos. 5 and 6. So the belaying pin ~~man~~ man just engineered us into good and safe positions.

All through the day we drilled along Newfoundland's rocky walls several hundred feet high. Some straight up from the sea. Others jagged and frowning. Along that entire western coast of more than 300 miles were only two havens for ships in trouble. One at Port aux Basques, which we had left behind; the other somewhere ahead of us at Red Bay. Then we must make the Strait of Belle Isle, the "graveyard of ships," so-called because of the danger from icebergs sailing down the narrow channel.

About mid-day we hove to off Red Bay and put a boat ashore to inquire generally of the weather and the movement of the ice. Towards evening, we were jogging ahead at fair speed, ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ most of us lined along the rail just below the pilot house, musing at the barren northern picture. Just before dusk, an old mariner, about eighty, standing nearby, called up to the skipper:

"Berg coming through!"

"Whereaway?"

"Off starboard bow."

We could see nothing that looked like an iceberg. Nothing but the smooth sea.

"We can't see any iceberg. Where is it? How do you know? Can you see it?" were some of our landlubber questions.

"No," the old salt replied, "I can't see it; but I can smell it. It's right over there, coming out of the Strait of Belle Isle."

That didn't sound so good to us. We'd read many times of snips being crushed by icebergs and great floes. Now that we were within "smelling distance" it all has a somewhat uncanny meaning. We were not at all reassured when the skipper called down to the ancient mariner:

"Will you come up, Captain?"

The old fellow climbed up into the pilot house. In spite of his age, his eyes, set in a bronzed and marvellously wrinkled face, were as bright and sharp as steel. He gazed keenly, steadily into the northeast. Presently he spoke in low tone to the pilot, without turning his head. The bows of the Tyrian swung away from north to northwest, then almost due west. The engine bells jangled. Half speed. We moved straight for a high wall of rocky coast, as ~~fmx~~ forbidding as Newfoundland's. It looked about five miles away. The sky was darkening, the wind coming up. We could see no sanctuary anywhere ahead. As we came closer, the seas smashing high against the rocks made the situation very uninviting.

The engine bells clanged again. Quarter speed. Later, the engines stopped. We slid along, as if doubtful of our direction. We zig-zagged a bit. Then more clattering bells. Quarter speed again. More zig-zagging.

After half an hour more, we swung into the northwest again. Now we could see an opening, angle-wise, in the rocky heights. It looked to us no wider than a knife-cut in a chocolate cake. Half



Left to right: Photographer; this author; Arthur Constatine; Carl Brandeberry; ship's officer. The Tyrian, in our sanctuary bay in the Labrador coast.

speed again. The slit opened wider, until there was a passageway through the mountainous rock many times wider than the ship. We put into a rock-walled bay, about a mile in diameter. Safe from wind, storm and icebergs. Five fishing smacks were anchored inside the refuge.

The ancient mariner, an old-time whaling master, had taken cover there many times from storms. While he had not been in that bay for nearly fifty years, he well remembered the ticklish navigation neccessary to enter it. And he was the only man aboard the Tyrian who knew exactly how to manoeuver through that tortuous route.

Next day broke clear. The wind that howled above us most of the night, had gone down and now was coming from the south. The sun was shining brightly. When we were pretty well out to sea, the aged mariner came among us. He pointed to the south.

"There's your iceberg.

Less than ten miles away was the big block of ice glistening white in the sun and moving along majestically to its own destruction in the waters of the warmer latitudes. Its lines were as straight as if cut by a machine. We made crazy guesses as to its size. Our biggest guess was that it was about the size of an ordinary house. The ancient mariner grinned:

"Boys, that berg's about 100 feet out of the water, about 700 feet under the surface, at least 800 feet high all told. It's 400 feet long and 300 feet across, approximately. What you can see would cover almost two city blocks. That's new ice, one year old ice. It's possible to figure out about how much it weighs, ice averaging 57 pounds to the cubic foot."

The smiling old seaman borrowed a pencil and after some

minutes of silent calculation, he announced:

"It works out to 5,472,000,000 pounds of ice, divided by 2,000 pounds to the ton, gives you 2,736,000 tons---tons, boys---that's more than the weight of some of your tallest skyscrapers. If we had been near that berg when it took a notion to roll over, there wouldn't be much of us left. I've known ships to be caught in the ice, crushed, and sent to the bottom in fifteen or twenty minutes. I was caught once. All we could do was to throw overboard what few things we could grab, jump to the ice floes and make our way to land---and that's no easy thing to do!"

Now, with awe and great respect for meandering icebergs, we headed into the Strait of Belle Isle. A few small ice floes drifted past, while we watched with some concern. And some trash ice which the ship kicked aside casually. We now were proceeding along the Labrador coast, heading for Baffin Sea and Greenland waters. We watched the rugged shoreline for the Roosevelt. As we were poking along a short promontory, the aged mariner announced:

"I see something; a tiny speck of a flag. Off there." He pointed.

We could see no flag. The old captain's long-distance vision outranged our younger eyes by many miles.

An hour later we rounded the promontory, and then the cry went up:

"There she is! There's the Roosevelt!"

We now could see, above the lower part of the land, the Stars and Stripes waving briskly in the breeze. Topmasts and yard-arms and trailing ropes stood up over the hill like cobwebs against the sky. We cleared the point, to sail in back of a small, triangular

iceberg that, with a breeze back of it, sailed along ahead of us. We never caught up with it. As we swung into a v-shaped bay, the little iceberg went on about its business. We now could see plainly the Roosevelt, tied up to a dock in a narrow estuary, at a little Labrador fishing hamlet called Battle Harbor.

We dropped anchor at the mouth of the bay and put out in a small boat for the village. As we came closer, the Roosevelt was an intriguing picture. Many little flags fluttered in the rigging. Below, all the way down the shrouds to the ship's rail, musk-ox skulls, tusked walrus skulls, and other bones of the Arctic hunt, grinned ghastly in the sunlight. The ship plainly showed the hard days she had spent at Cape Columbia, the northernmost tip of land. Here and there, trails of dirty water, blood and grease, streaked down her sides from her scuppers.

We scrambled up the side of the ship. The first man over the rail, hit the deck and slid for ten feet, fetching up against a hatch. He had landed in a spot that was as slippery as a skating rink from x seal blubber and blood, pools of which were here and there about the deck.

We were met by one of the crew who announced that Commander Peary would receive us all on the after deck, and would have a conference with us the next morning in the sail loft over the fishing shacks across the stream. We made our way to the after deck, climbing over the deck-house, and stood in a semi-circle at the rail awaiting Peary's appearance.

Suddenly the white door of the deck house swung open. Peary stepped out. He stood six feet three, with broad, strong shoulders and chest like Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist. Slim-waisted and

rawboned, he definitely was the ambodiment of strength and power. He wore an ordinary blue-flannel shirt, rough pants and boots.

Peary snapped instantly to a stiff, upright position. Clicking his heels together in military fashion, he removed his wide black felt hat in a sweeping motion, letting his overgrowth of long yellow hair spill down close to his shoulders. He cast a swift glance over our semi-circle and bowed slightly:

"Gentlemen, I'm pleased to meet you," he said.

There was a pause, during which none of us spoke. Then Peary asked:

"Is Mr. Edwards of the New York Herald here?"

I stepped forward.

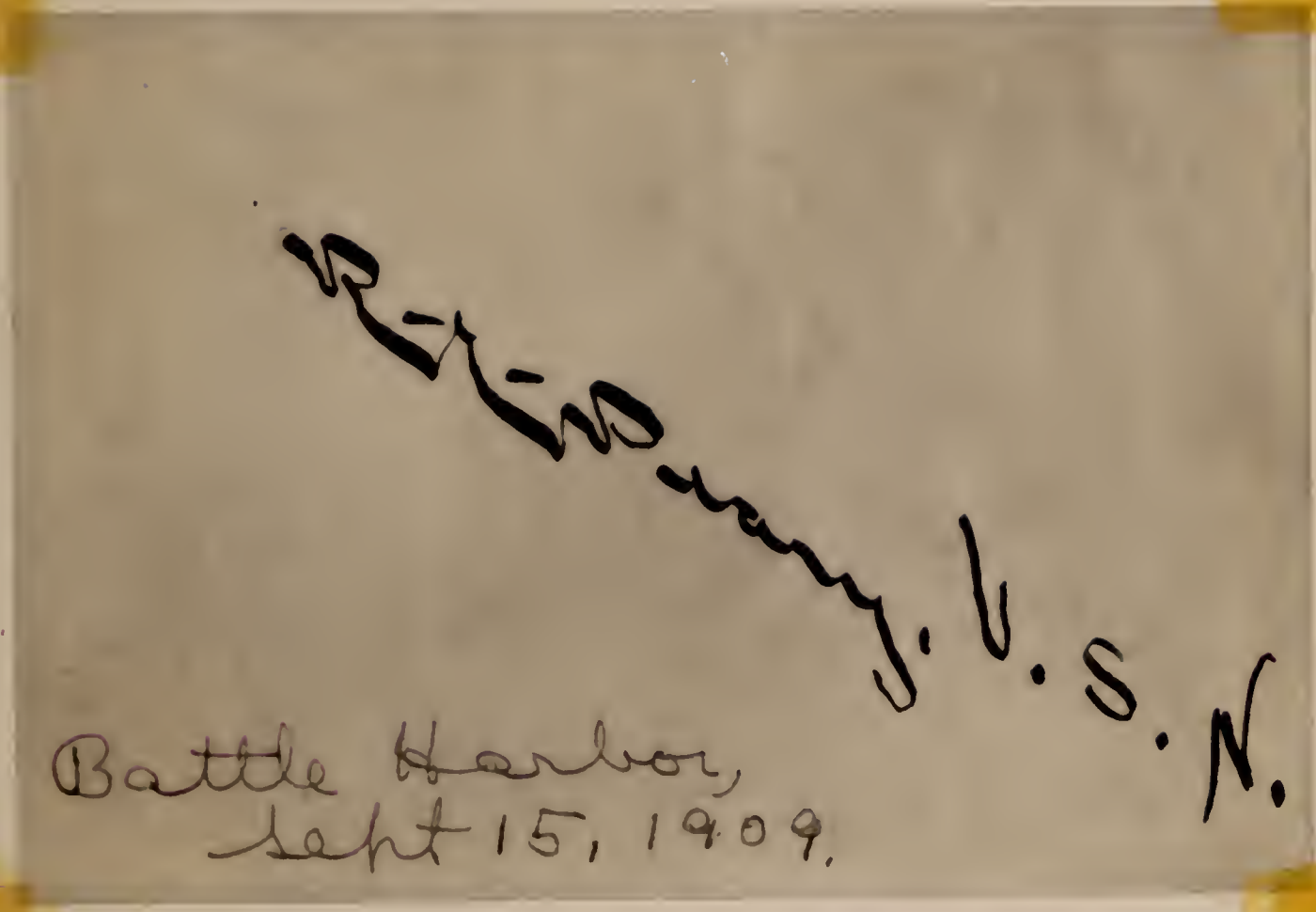
"Will you come in?"

If someone had dropped a bombshell amid us then, it could not have surprised us a bit more---particularly me. I hadn't the faintest idea what it was about. But the other newsmen looked their sharpest daggers at me, scenting some new conspiracy.

I followed Peary into the cabin and the door closed behind us.



Commander Robert E. Peary and Edwards, aboard the Roosevelt, coming into North Sydney, Nova Scotia.


R-I-S-ung. U.S.N.
Battle Harbor,
Sept 15, 1909.

BEHIND THE CABIN DOOR

Peary motioned me to a chair. He sat at his desk. Captain Bob Bartlett and Charles Percy, the cookie, came in. I was introduced to them.

"Edwards," Peary said, "I am instructed to turn over to you some papers for the New York Herald. I would like to have you examine them to see they have not been tampered with, and sign for their receipt in the presence of witnesses."

He handed me a large envelope. I looked at it a moment and signed. It struck me as the right thing to do, for Peary's protection and for my own, as my paper had bought the story of Dr. Frederick A. Cook who claimed to have discovered the pole one year ahead of Peary. Bartlett and Percy then left the cabin.

Peary leaned forward in his chair.

"I know your paper is against me, Edwards," he said, "but I would like to have you tell me frankly what the situation is regarding Cook."

"Frankly, Commander, Cook has everyone with him. He's dined and wined almost continuously. He tells a fascinating story and the public takes it eagerly. Not critically, because the public knows very little about the Arctic. You are going to have a tough time breaking Cook down. I think you've made a great mistake in calling him a faker and a liar without backing up your charge---"

"You'll find out he is a faker and a liar---"

"Don't misunderstand me," I interrupted. "I'm satisfied already that he is a faker and a liar. I don't believe he ever got anywhere near the North Pole or ventured very far out over the ice from Grant Land or any other point. My opinion is based on the known experiences of other explorers like Greely, and your many years in the Arctic---and your definite, known accomplishments, as against the comparatively meager attainments of Cook. Also by the fact that Cook's story is supported by only ~~two~~ two Eskimos, while you had four college professors, Bob Bartlett, and a cavalcade of Eskimos who were with you on your journey lasting many days and over many miles. It's inconceivable that you could have got away with any false claim without some of these men of high reputations telling the world."

Peary smiled.

"That sounds like I have a friend in the enemy's camp."

"Well, yes and no. You see, Commander, I'm in rather a ticklish spot. You sold your story to the Herald on your other trips for $15,000 to $25,000. This time you wanted $35,000. Bennett said no, and that was that. If you had gone along with him, I'm quite sure he'd have given you a bonus of another ten or fifteen thousand because of your success. Bennett is that way. You sold to the New York Times, but there is no Times representative here, on your ship. Skipper Meriwether of the Times is waiting for your return right back there in Sydney, where we left him. My paper knew, before I left New York, that I believed in your claim, and not Cook's, so you see I had a chain on me at the start. In fairness to the Herald, my editors gave me no instructions to lean

in Cook's favor, nor to color my stories against you, but naturally there could be a hidden inference there---"

"That is quite a ticklish situation for you," he remarked.

"I told them I would send in the stuff as I found it. If it was bad for Cook or bad for you, that's the way I'd write it. If it was favorable for Cook or favorable for you, I'd write it that way."

"That's pretty fair, it seems to me," Peary said. "Now, Edwards, I want to say this. You just play fair with me and I'll play fair with you. In this controversy many questions will arise that you may hesitate to put up to me; but, no matter how good or how bad, come to me. I'll give you a square conference, no matter what question you have to put up to me, or any accusation. Just give me my chance to be heard. The world will find out that I discovered the North Pole and not Cook!"

I remarked that I had been studying the Arctic field ever since Salomon Auguste Andree and his two companions set sail for the Pole in a balloon.

"What do you think of Cook?" he asked.

"Aside from your characterization, I consider Cook much more of a tourist and a pretty writer---if he wrote his stuff---than an explorer. I believe it was on your first journey across the Greenland ice-cap, that you took Cook with you. He turned back to your warm headquarters, after travelling about 100 miles. You went on, and your round trip was something close to 1,000 miles. You succeeded. You crossed that ice-cap three times, and no other man in the world did it before, and none has done it since. Search Cook's records and you cannot find any

worthwhile contributions to knowledge of the Arctic."

Peary smiled warmly.

"Well, I see you've been pretty much on my trail for years. I'm certain now I'll get fair play. Just come to me any time; give me a fair break."

"You can count on it, Commander," I told him as we shook hands and I left the cabin.

When I saw the seventeen other correspondents they were standing glum, like a murder jury with a death verdict in hand. I walked up to them, grinning.

"Well, fellows, here's all there is to my secret this conference. I signed for ~~a~~ sealed envelope which Peary wants me to send to my paper. I'll send it unopened. I haven't the slightest idea what it contains. Probably won't know until I get back to New York. If you want me to go over my short talk with Peary, I'll be glad to do so and you can check with him; but if all of you had been sitting in on it, you wouldn't have heard anything in it worth a story. I got no story out of it myself."

Arthur Constantine, of the Boston Herald, and later manager of the International News Service in Mexico City, and Robert Welles Ritchie, later a short-story writer of prominence, expressed their satisfaction.

"It looks to us as if we were fussing and stewing over nothing," they said. "This man is on the square. Let's stop trying to smell out some skullduggery and get to work."

The suggestion was approved, and we all went on about our business.

Those secret papers? It turned out later that they had no bearing on the claims of eitner Peary or Cook, as the material in them had been written months before either man was heard from.

GHOSTS

STORIES FROM COLD STORAGE

We trailed back over the slippery decks. One could sit in almost any spot and write of the terrible Far North a story with a weird and gruesome atmosphere. For all around us were the evidences of dangerous, gruelling hard work that had to be done, without brass band or benefit of decoration---smeared and battered dories, dog-sledges frayed by sharp ice, sealing-gear scarred by it hard wear, harpoons, guns, walrus hides, sealskins, blubber and entrails streaking the deck and bones. Heavily-clothed men. And up and down the ship's rigging, the bleached skulls of seal, walrus and musk-oxen were a fearsome sight.

And above all the Stars and Stripes stretched out in its gleaming colors, activated in glory for the great ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ scientific American victory, for which hardy explorers had been venturing for three centuries and for which hundreds of men had given up their lives and two score ships were lost.

Peary imposed no restrictions on us; we could discuss the voyage with anyone. And the men who had gone out with Peary, who could tell, and whose reputations for veracity were beyond reproach, included: Professor Donald B. McMillan, of Worcester Academy; Dr. John W. Goodsell, of Pennsylvania University; Professor Ross G. Marvin, of Cornell University; George Borup, of Yale, and Captain Robert A. Bartlett, whose conscience was as stalwart as his reputation for courage, and he has often been

described as "the greatest ice-master that ever lived." He took the Roosevelt into the Polar Sea and brought her back, and did that twice. No other ice navigator ever has done that.

We talked to all these men who had led the various supporting parties that accompanied Peary on his "dash to the Pole." They answered all our questions frankly. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of any of them that Peary had reached the North Pole, was the real discoverer, and that his castigation of Cook was justified.

"Where is Professor Marvin?" we asked.

"Professor Marvin did not come back," they told us. "He was lost trying to force his way over the ice alone, without his eskimos. He had reached the center of new ice, in a big lane, when it broke under him. His heavy clothing made it impossible for him to swim out and every time he tried to get up on the ice it broke under him. When the Eskimos came upon him he lay motionless, his body supported by his sealskin coat. The Eskimo superstition prevents them from touching a lifeless body, and they, believing Professor Marvin dead, left him."

That was the story we got then, which Peary and his party got from the Eskimos and believed, for they always had found the little bronze men truthful. But the truth came out seventeen years later when two Eskimos, Kudlooktoo and Inukitsoq, came out to civilization and confessed they had killed Professor Marvin because he beat them and tried to force them on when they were exhausted. And that left Peary's record still unparalleled--- he never lost a man in his Arctic journeys.

Perhaps the most interesting story of all was told by

Professor McMillan. After his return to base with his supporting party, he made a sledge journey down to Fort Conger. This was the camp which years before Greely abandoned, according to precise orders, and then, under orders, marched right down to Cape Sabine where he found no rescue parties, no caches of food, and lost nineteen men by starvation and freezing, even while two rescue parties with definite orders to remain and watch for him, were on their way back to safety. McMillan lived for many days on provisions that Greely had left behind on his retreat. He found coffee in as good condition as when abandoned twenty-eight years before, He wore army coats in fair state of preservation. Picked up scraps of letters and messages of love lying about in the ice and snow.

"I found all sorts of supplies," he said, "and practically subsisted on them all the time I was there. General Greely's military overcoat with the buttons on it was about the first thing I discovered. I wore the coat, and while I stayed there, I suppose I must have had on at one time or another the clothing of all the men in the expedition. On the ground I found the trunk of Sergeant David L. Brainard. It was almost as good as new.

"Fluttering about the camp was the flyleaf of a notebook, on which was written the introduction to a speech at a banquet that the expedition evidently had arranged to kill the monotony of the long winter. The words were chaffing the whole party.

"Another scrap of paper had written on it: 'Lieutenant Frederick F. Kislingbury." The paper was a flyleaf which had been torn from a textbook that evidently has been passed from one student to another, but a pencil mark had been drawn through the names,

The first name at the top of the page was 'Henry Satreau.' Underneath was 'Victor Cloutier, Assumption College.' These had been scratched out and under them Kislingbury's name appeared."

Kislingbury was one of the younger members of the Greely expedition. Because of some dispute with Greely he was relieved of duty and ordered to report to the Commanding Officer at Washington. The Proteus, which had landed the expedition, was just weighing anchor to return. Kislingbury packed his belongings hurriedly and ran down the shore to go aboard. His cries either were unheard or misunderstood, and he was left to die miserably of starvation and frost two years later at Cape Sabine,

Sergeant David L. Brainard and Lieutenant James B. Lockwood, in the Greely expedition, reached the farthest North attained up to that time. Brainard was one of only six men who survived the most horrible Arctic tragedy of all. The others saved, of twenty-five men who went north, were General Greely himself, and Privates Henry Biederbeck, Maurice Connell, Julius Frederick and Francis Long.

Such were the horrible privations of the men at Cape Sabine that one man was executed for stealing bits of food from others. After the return, rumors of cannibalism were rife, and as vigorously denied. But the court of inquiry revealed that the bodies of six of the dead had been stripped of flesh; the skin had been cut, the flesh removed, and the skin pulled back in place. Naturally, all of the survivors denied cannibalism. On a slim line of demarcation perhaps they were right, for cannibalism, as we know it, means killing first.

Biederbeck and Brainard were the last of the survivors

to die, many years later, and each maintained to the last that there had been no cannibalism. Admiral Winfield S. Schley, who finally rescued the six fragments of broken men, pointed out the most tragic phase of all---that the crews of two ships which were sent to the rescue and ordered to build a station and remain through the winter if necessary, to hunt for Greely, had left the scene when about thirty miles from Cape Sabine, and were on their way back to safety. A delay of two or three weeks would have found all of the twenty-five men still on their feet, for Greely and his men were then on the ice, barely a hundred miles away, and drifting right down to Cape Sabine.

After our interviews on the Roosevelt we crossed to the mainland to look at Battle Harbor. The Harbor was characteristic of the severe life of the Far North. It was exclusively a fishing village, cod fishing. As we landed at the wharf, we walked along great platforms where thousands of cod were drying, and thirty or forty men about working.

We could see the village from the wharf. Half way up the hillside was the main building, the general store, where could be bought fishing gear, and a few trinkets and discards. Far away, at the top of a hill, was the hospital, a small but efficient institution established by Sir Wilfred Grenfell who spent years aiding the poor fishermen of Labrador.

There were numerous Eskimo dogs all about. Most of them were prone on the ground and paid no attention to us. Others perched on rocks, eyeing us suspiciously. One or two approached us, sniffed a bit and then scampered away as if they did not care for our company at all.

We saw no women about. We were told that the village was made up mostly of fishermen, for the greater part Scots from Newfoundland or Nova Scotia, who toiled endlessly through the summer at the squid and cod banks and then went home. There were a few "Liveyears", people who live, or rather barely exist at this far-away settlement, through the year.

"The people are poor, very poor," we were told. "They live almost entirely on fish and flour, with a little sugar and salt and very little butter. In the winter they keep their homes virtually hermetically sealed, because they must keep their places pretty tight when the cold comes. There is no wood for fuel on this coast; nothing but volcanic rock. Some of the 'Liveyears' go inland to where the trees begin, cut wood and haul it to the village."

We were none too warm, even with all the extra clothes we piled on ourselves. I had on two light outfits of underwear, two shirts, a sweater and a coat. Barton Curry, of the New York World, bought a fancy sealskin bolero at the store---and a straw hat!

We prowled about until late in the afternoon when the small boat picked us up and returned us to the Tyrian where we slept that night. Next morning we had a perfectly satisfactory conference with Peary in the sail-loft. Under a low, peaked roof. All of us, Peary included, sat perched on high piles of sails, or big coils of heavy rope or hawsers. The place smelled heavily of oakum, rubber boots, oilskins, fish-nets, codfish and other things too numerous to mention. Strong but not repellent.

Peary answered every question put to him, freely, frankly. Never evaded, never quibbled. He submitted to cross-examination

without objection. All apparently were impressed with Peary's openness, and satisfied that the discovery really was his. The conference lasted two hours.

Then, like a lot of mountain goats, we tore up the hill for the wireless station, nearly a quarter of a mile away, and seemingly up in the clouds. We didn't look for a path. Took the shortest cut. The terrain was upheaved badly; all syenite rock, rough and sharp. We jumped depressions here, stumbled over loose rocks there, like a lot of escaped lunatics. We probably ran over places where human footsteps never had been; nor would any normal human ever have taken that route. But we were all steamed up with a hot story; something the world was waiting for---and in situations like that a newsman---well, he "just aint human."

We filed our wireless bulletins in good order, then soberly agreed to send no more until we got back to Sydney. We all signed our messages with: "More to come from Sydney."

In the late afternoon we returned to the Tyrian. Captain Dickson told us he would not attempt to run the Strait of Belle Isle during the night. He would start back next morning, Friday. Every man immediately turned to his typewriter, if he had one, and planned his procedure and started writing from his own viewpoint. It is doubtful if any other big story provided so many gripping phases, and each phase sufficiently strong and appealing to demand front page, spread heading. All the way back we were busy writing---those that were not seasick!

As we were nearing Nova Scotia Saturday afternoon, Thompson and I evolved another devilish conspiracy---worse than the others. But this time, there must be no opposition. So we gathered the

group.

"Look here, fellows," we explained. "This ship can make port easily by six or seven oclock. You can't get your stuff into your offices until about nine, if then. At that you'll have to put through an unsatisfactory story. You'll take off the cream in bulletin form and have nothing ~~my~~ left but a second-day yarn. And the left-behinders can gather up enough to shoot out fancy by-line introductions and pick up the Associated Press report which Carl Brandeberry, here, will file---and he can't get through an adequate yarn. Monday papers are always screaming all Sunday for enough good material to make a real Monday newspaper. We must hold up the ship. Keep her from making port before four or five oclock in the morning---too late for any Sunday papers---that will give us grand time for a whale of a story for Monday with our papers wide open with space. All a fresh, big story. What do you say?"

Without a moment's hesitation, every other correspondent, grinning fiendishly, agreed noisily. We went at once to Captain Dickson and explained our new plot. He chuckled heartily.

"I don't hear any objections. How about five oclock in the morning?"

"Great, Captain. That's wonderful. Make it five oclock. You surely have helped us wonderfully; have given us a grand trip, and this is top-ending. We left all those other correspondents behind us; now we're going to leave them be-front of us."

"O.K. boys. Five oclock it is. Glad to do it. My officers and I have enjoyed having you with us. My crew also have had a good time with you boys bunking in with them and acting like

members of the ship's company. Now, as a little indication of our pleasure, we will have dinner tonight at seven oclock, a little earlier than usual. It will be our evening-before-landing-dinner, and specially in your honor."

When we went into dinner, we found a menu card at each plate, carefully inscribed and telling us that the feast was prepared particularly for this occasion by "Thomas Balcom, Chief Steward, Port Dufferin, N.S." And Thomas walked around the table visably happy because he could see plainly that we all were pleased beyond measure at what was before us. And anyone would be pleased to sit at such a dinner today. Just look at that menu:

Soup
Cream of Tomatoes
Fish
Fresh Broiled Halibut
Boiled
Canadian Ham
Entree
Chicken and Green Peas
Joints
Sirloin of Beef and Roast Lamb
Vegetables
Potatoes Turnips Carots
Desert
Plum Pudding
Sweets
Blueberry Pie and Apple Pie
Fruits
Various Kinds
Nuts Raisins
Tea Coffee

No wonder Captain Dickson and his officers and men were all such big, husky, healthy and jovial mariners of the deep.

With that splendid dinner we all turned in early because we would have to get up early. We slept soundly. The next thing we knew was a tap on our door to announce that we were in North Sydney. Captain Dickson had slid the Tyrian into her berth like a ghost, so silently we didn't hear a sound, or feel a bump at

docking. We all hustled out. At the notel we found a notice from the telegraph offices that they would be open at eight oclock. The Western Union at North Sydney was the relay point for all the company's cables from Europe; naturally a busy place during the week. But, it being Sunday, there would be many wires for New York. It was a wild scramble for the wires, every man trying to be first for we had made no agreement as to priority when landing. But the Western Union manager, a veteran in such situations, was all prepared. A big sign read:

"Form a line as you come.
Get your number. First
come first served. Only
200 words from each man,
then rotate."

We all got our numbers and slapped our copy down for sending in proper order. Back in a little room I'd rented for a week, I was pounding the typewriter and getting my stuff in shape when a little boy ran in.

"Mister, why don't you use the Postal Telegraph, right across the street. Everybody's going to the Western Union and these men aint got nothing."

"Here," I said, grabbing a book, "Take this over; tell the manager to open it any place and start sending it to the New York Herald. Send anything to hold the wires. All the wires he can get. I'll be over in a few minutes with copy. Hurry."

Five minutes later the boy came back.

"He's got two wires right into the New York Herald office, Mister. Aint that good!"

He didn't know how good it was. Two wires going all the time. From about nine in the morning until nine at night that

little boy ran my copy to the Postal. He got sandwiches and things for our luncheon; soup, sandwiches and more things for dinner. He never tired; but his eyes nearly popped out of his head when he looked at that ten-dollar-bill he received for his day's work.

Seldom if ever has any other story put such a great wordage on telegraph wires in a single day, from a single point. The seventeen other correspondents on the Tyrian were pounding their typewriters at their top speed all day long. Some of the left-behinders had come to North Sydney on learning of the arrival of the ship, and they were filing thousands of words as fast as they could compose. The Herald's own wires, dire ct into the office, operated continuously with relays of operators, and carried 30,000 words. This included the "mysterious papers" which my office ordered put on the wire. I dumped them on the wire without even reading them. The total product of all writers must have run more than 250,000 words at a cost to the newspapers of $6,000 or more for telegraph ~~xxx~~ tolls alone that day.

PEARY or COOK?

Controversy over the claims to the North Pole discovery waged for three years and more; controversy so bitter that men almost came to blows; women almost to hair-pulling. The women for the most part supported Cook because he told such a beautiful story, and, as they and the public generally knew very little about the Arctic, they hardly could be criticised for believing Cook.

Yes, Cook told a beautiful story, but any top reporter of my time and acquaintance, such as Edwin C. Hill, now of radio fame; Walter Davenport, of Colliers; the late Damon Runyon, Elmer Davis, J.S.S.Richardson, war correspondent with Pershing, after absorbing the works of Dr. Nansen, Amundsen, Kane, Hayes, Stefansson or Greely, could have constructed so convincing a yarn that it would have taken the ablest polar scientists to break down.

Cook made his fatal mistake when he disappeared, fled from an investigation of his records in the presence of Peary. I had just come up the Hudson River with Peary on the Roosevelt, and had gone ashore and to my office to report. Peary was coming ashore; so was McMillan, Goodsell, Borup and Bob Bartlett, a rather formidable group for Cook to face. My office immediately sent me to see Captain Roald Amundsen, navigator of the Northwest Passage, who was then preparing for his great achievement, the discovery of the South Pole. Amundsen might give his opinion of Cook's claim. I found Amundsen in a small hotel in West

Forty-seventh Street. It was late afternoon. While I was there Cook came in slyly, cautiously, peered at us and motioned to Amundsen. They went off into a corner. They were in excited, but almost pantomimic argument. Amundsen was shaking his head vigorously, as if opposing what Cook was proposing or intended doing. After a few minutes, Cook slithered out.

Less than two hours later my office instructed me to interview Cook. I went to the Explorers Club to find Vilhjalmar Stefansson, the explorer, or Bob Bartlett. They usually foregathered there and both of them knew Cook. There was no trace of Cook. Thirty or forty reporters, all the station men in every section of the city and correspondents in the suburbs, were ordered to hunt for Cook. But he had vanished.

Had Cook stuck by his guns, it would have been almost impossible for any inquiry to prove that he was not at the North Pole. The most that could have been done would be to have cast grave doubts on his claim. But to disprove his story absolutely it would have been necessary to go over Cook's supposed route, check up on his soundings and the terrain he described. He reported that he had not seen Crocker Land. No one ever claimed that Crocker Land existed; Peary previously had reported that he thought he saw land and tentatively named it Crocker Land, but on his last trip he made no claim to Crocker Land, because he did not see it himself.

Even after such an on-the-ground investigation, Cook easily could have baffled the investigators by declaring that they had veered one, five or ten miles off his route and naturally got different soundings and different perspectives. As to emphasizing

a west-to-east drift of the Polar ice, anyone could tell of that. Peary had reported it time and again. Proof of this drift started in 1880-1881 in the drift of the New York Herald's steamship Jeannette, which was crushed and sunk far out in the Polar Sea. Parts of its wreckage floated ashore in 1884 at Frederickshaab, at the very southernmost tip of Greenland. Nansen, in the steamship Fram, connected with what he called the Jeannette Drift, in 1894, off Siberia, floated within 400 miles of the Pole, and the ship came out at Spitzbergen in 1896. The famous indestructible Melville-Bryant cask, which was put into the Polar Sea at Point Barrow, Alaska, in the Bering Strait area, in 1899, drifted across the Polar Sea, came out between Greenland and Spitzbergen, and was picked up in 1905 at the southernmost tip of Greenland close to where the Jeannette wreckage was found. The Jeannette was the first to definitely establish the west-east drift and that drift has been taken into calculation by almost every subsequent Arctic explorer.

Cook claimed to have discovered the Pole on April 21, 1908, one year before Peary. He announced it September 1, 1909---one year and four months later! How could any man, with the greatest discovery of the age in his hands, wait one year and four months to tell the world? Especially a publicity seeker, as Cook was? For more than three hundred years navigators had tried to reach the North Pole, men of various nations, men like Scoresby, Beechey, Parry, Nares, Aldrich, Andree, Greely, Hall, Hayes, Kane, Fiala and others. Hundreds of lives had been sacrificed; scores of ships sunk. Many books had been written by survivors of expeditions, revealing the hardships, the terrors and the horrors

in that great expanse of ice. To have wrested from the Arctic the secret of the Pole's location was an achievement well deserving of the world's greatest acclaim. Yet Cook, incredibly, didn't think it of enough importance to announce it until a year and four months later!

Now, consider this phase of Cook's story. After his so-called return from the Pole, he went to his base on the west coast of Grant Land, approximately 250 miles from Etah, Greenland, and separated from Greenland by Kennedy Channel only 35 miles wide. Instead of taking a direct route to Etah immediately in 1908, crossing only 35 miles of ice and water, Cook, so he stated, went almost due south, to Cape Sparbo, North Devon Island, about 600 miles below his base. He had to cross Jones Sound, seventy-five miles of ice and water. He dawdled all through the winter. In the spring he went back north, crossing Jones Sound again, and then the 35 miles of channel water to reach Etah.

In all, Cook crossed about 180 miles of ice and water, as against only 35 miles he would have had at Kennedy Channel. And, with his wonderful news, he traveled approximately 1,000 miles, down and back again, when 300 miles would have put him in Etah---one year ahead of Peary!

But when Cook left Etah and journeyed down to Upernavik, a distance of about 1,000 miles, he dawdled again. Four months! And it was not until September 1, 1909, after he had crossed the Atlantic and reached Lerwick, Shetland Island, that he announced his discovery---One year and four months after the greatest geographical and scientific discovery of more than three hundred years!

If Cook had crossed over to Greenland late that summer of 1908, or even in the fall or winter, the Eskimos, for ten pounds of gumdrops, probably would have sledged him down to Disco, and then paddled him in an oomiak all the way to New York. It is inconceivable that a man with this tremendous world-beating record in his grasp, could have dallied for one whole year and more. Had the discoverer been any one of the ace reporters of those days, he would have swam Baffin Sea and crawled across barren Labrador on hands and knees to get to a wireless station with the news.

Cook's defenders make much of the fact that Peary claimed to have traveled more than 280 miles in about 10 days, after he had finally turned Bartlett back and gone on with Matt Henson. They declare that no man, with Arctic trappings, could do 28 miles a day for the ten days, over tumbled, jagged and moving ice. If they ever had seen Peary, or had been close to him, they would understand how he could do it. Of powerful physique, he didn't have an ounce of fat in his more than 200 pounds. His long, strong legs could outstride and outlast the strongest of the much younger men with him. Better than any other man he could throw a sledge around ice boulders to aid his dogs. He could help them get a sledge over a ridge quicker than any of his party. He could pull a team out of broken ice and water before any of the others could get started. For Peary had been in Arctic work more than twenty-three years; he had been through all these things many times before. They were all in a day's work in the Arctic.

His last dash to the Pole and return to where he left Bartlett, about 280 miles in 10 days, impossible? Well, Sir John Rae, Scottish explorer, in searching for Sir John Franklin

and his 127 men who died in the Arctic, traveled just 1,100 miles in exactly 33 days, an average of 33 1-3 miles a day continuously for 33 days, and he had had no such long experience and hardening in Arctic work as had Peary. Lieutenant G. F. Meacham, in the Franklin search covered 1,336 miles in 61 out of 70 traveling days, an average of 21 3-4 miles a day for the distance covered---in 61 days. The traveling time each day was 9 hours and 25 minutes. Peary, after leaving Bartlett covered his last "jump" of 130 miles, in five days--- 25 miles the first day, then 20 the next, and 20, and 25 and 40. Twenty-six miles a day, for only five days. And his return over that distance was made much easier because he simply had to follow the trail he left on the outward journey.

Dr. Cook was surgeon for Peary's expedition in 1892. When Peary decided to try to cross the ice-cap of Greenland which rose to an elevation of from 5,000 to 6,000 feet, Dr. Cook turned back to the confines of a warm camp when about 100 miles from the start. Peary continued, enduring typical hardships of the North. Peary discovered that Greenland was an island. For this he won the medals of the National and American Geographical Societies, the Royal Geographic Society of London, the Paris Geographical Society, and the Scottish Geographical Society, honors never accorded to any other American. Peary extended the east coast of Greenland more than two degrees of latitude. He made physical collections and observations, while his geological, ethnological, auroral, oceanographical and meteorological studies are the most complete given to science. He gave to cartographers the only complete map of the region.

Cook's experiences in the Arctic and Antarctic were all

done, one might say, the easy way. He was commander of an expedition on the Zeta, a yacht, in 1893; organizer and commander of an expedition on the Miranda, a steamship, in 1894; surgeon, anthropologist and photographer of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition of 1897-99; and surgeon of the Peary auxiliary expedition on the Erik, a steamship, in 1901-02. Virtually all of Cook's discoveries and reports could be discarded and nothing of value would be lost to Polar knowledge.

Cook did not submit his data and records in support of his claim to the discovery, to the National Geographic Society of this country, but to the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, which gave a verdict that the matter did not establish that he had reached the North Pole. Peary, on the other hand, submitted his records to the National Geographic Society and other scientific bodies, on the basis of which they declared that he had reached the Pole.

Eliminating prejudices, taking the vast work of Peary through a quarter of a century, and the absence of any great contributions made by Cook, it is difficult to arrive at any other verdict than that rendered by Peary, that Cook was a "faker and a liar."

Peary however, aroused much resentment by taking Matt Hensen on his final jump to the Pole, and leaving Bob Bartlett behind. Bartlett had been with Peary many years, and had made the greatest record of all for his navigation of the Roosevelt into the Polar Sea and out again. As we were coming into Nova Scotia on the Roosevelt, I stood on the after deck with Bartlett. Leaning on the rail, Boo was a broken-hearted man, as we watched in

silence the big fleet of welcoming ships coming out to meet us, flags flying, bands playing, people cheering. Forlorn and miserable, he suddenly said:

"I think I'll have to go back!"

"Go back where?"

"Back to the Arctic, to the Pole. I didn't think Commander would do it! I didn't think Commander would not let me go on with him, after all the years I spent with him trying to make the Pole. Yes, I think I'll go back. I didn't think Commander would leave me behind. When we camped down for the last rest, I hoped he would change his mind, but he had given me orders. I felt strong, stronger than ever in my life. We were so close to the Pole. I thought I would go on by myself; thought I could make it easily. I walked north mile after mile. I felt I could get to the Pole and back easily. I traveled three or four miles and then said to myself: 'Bartlett you're xx going crazy.' I turned back and returned to camp. And soon Commander went on and left me behind. As I saw him going away I guess I cried a bit!"

Peary would have lost none of his great honors by taking Bartlett. Bartlett would have bulwarked Peary's claim. Of all the wide acclaim, Peary got most; Henson got some, Bartlett little or none. He simply faded out of the picture. Nor did he profit as he should have done. Several years later, I found him working as a stevedore on the Brooklyn water-front, a very unhappy man.

"Bob, why not go to General Thomas H. Hubbard, or some other of those wealthy men who have helped finance Peary, and get them to set you up with a ship for summer Arctic cruises? They all

know you. They have great respect for you, and confidence in you. There are a lot of college boys, sons of wealthy men, who would jump at the chance to go into the Arctic with you on a few months summer cruise. You could charge them $1,000 or $1,500, and I think their fathers would be happy to give them such a great adventure."

Two years later Bartlett had the Effie Morrissey and made profitable summer cruises with her. He lived aboard his ship in New York harbor or elsewhere during the winter, and passed his last days in fine surroundings, with his books, his Bible which he read every day, and happiness. For which I know many of his good friends are thankful.

AMUNDSEN THE QUIET

One of the most perplexing Polar explorers it has been my good fortune to know, in a professional or personal way---men who did things, like Commander Robert E. Peary, Sir Ernest A. A. Shackleton, Captain Robert A. Bartlett, Captain Roald Englebreght Amundsen, Professor Donald B. McMillan, and several of the men who accompanied them on their voyages---was Captain Roald Amundsen.

He had just come to New York, after his great exploit the discovery of the Northwest Passage, in 1903-1906. He was the first and only explorer to succeed in this quest for which hardy men had striven for nearly four hundred years. In a room at the Advertising Club, he was far from a glib man. Slumped in a big chair, half on his spine, one leg dangling loosely from the other knee, clasping and unclasping his hands before his chest, he gave me pretty much of a yes and no interview. Terse. Almost monoverbal. His answers came slowly, each after considerable pause. But there was no reluctance in his replies. He acted as if he simply was tired; tired of interviews; tired of acclaim; tired of talking about himself. He had given many interviews when he landed in Bering Strait at the end of his successful voyage, and on his way to New York. He had no ego, the antithesis of Peary. He seemed to regard his great performance

as more or less routine in a mariner's life, and yet he had made a voyage that previously had cost the lóves of scores of men, including Sir John Franklin and his 127 men. And he made that journey with such startling ease he amazed both the scientific and maritime world. Adolf Erik Nordenskiold, a Finn, discovered the Northeast Passage, which similarly had been essayed for centuries, making the wonderful journey in the Vega in record time. Starting from Tromsoe, Norway, July 21, 1878, he skirted close along the entire Siberian coast and reached Koliutchin Bay, almost within sight of Bering Strait on September ~~xx~~ 28 of that year. Practically making the journey in two months and one week. But he became icebound for one year, lacking one day. Then he rounded East Cape, Siberia, and came out into Bering Strait on July 20, 1879, the first and only vessel that ever made the passage.

While Amundsen was on his trip through the Northwest Passage, Arctic exploration had taken on world strides again. A new endeavor to discover the South Pole had arisen and it looked ~~x~~ to be an international race. Captain Robert Falcon Scott, the outstanding aspirant to the discovery, had headed the British Antarctic Expedition in 1900 and had returned four years later ~~xx~~ from Ross Sea to ~~Xxxxx~~ New Zealand, unsuccessful. Apparently he was still in New Zealand, or somewhere, making preparations for a new try. Drygalski had gone out in 1902 for the South Pole; Dr. W. S. Bruce in 1904; Sir Douglas Mawson from Australia in 1907, Jean Baptiste Charcot from France in 1908. German and Japanese ventures were reported making ready, Filchner, Shirase, and others. And ~~Six~~ Shackleton was somewhere down there on the ice.

Early in 1909 came a bulletin that Shackleton had reached

the closest ever to the South Pole on January 9, 1909. At 88 degrees and 23 minutes, one hundred and eleven miles from the Pole. Returning from his trip, he came to New York. When he gave me an interview in the Plaza Hotel, he was quite a different man from Amundsen at that time, even though he had been unsuccessful. Leaning casually against a bureau whole we smoked and sipped cocktails, and at other times taking a few paces back and forth, he seemed to be of that dynamic type of man that seldom takes time to sit down. He was tireless in his talk, and direct, but not voluble. He discussed his failure to reach the South Pole without the slighest alibi, and answered questions to complete satisfaction. Never at any time did he impress me as being a defeated man. His enthusiasm still was unsubdued, unbounded. It was easy to get the impression that he would make another try.

"Our inability to get all the way to the South Pole was of course mostly a matter of weather," he said. "We had plenty of mean weather going down; had to lay over several times for long periods before we could complete observations. Those were disheartening days, for every hour lost, meant travel lost, and a reduction of our food supplies. We traveled hard at all times. When we halted for observations that gave the men a rest, but every day we were held up meant, of course, our carefully-estimated rations had to be stretched out to make up for that day. Our equipment was having a terrible pounding, necessitating an occasional stop for repair. Equipment must be kept up for the transportation of our hundreds of pounds of food, clothing, tentage, heavy tools and instruments required in all such journeys. Our dogs were showing the effects of the hard grind, too. There

is no straight road to the Pole. The teams must work over a tortuous course, over high ice, twisting and weaving around heaped up ice and snow, which adds many miles to the trip.

"My men would have gone forward at the word at any time, but there is a limit to human endurance. We had lost so much valuable time going south I realized that the lives of my men would have been endangered if we continued. We had reached the farthest south, at 88 degrees 23 minutes. We might have reached the Pole; yes, but the chances are we might not have returned, not one of us.

"While we were only 111 miles from the Pole, the round trip in a straight line would have been 222 miles; but the winding and turning would probably have stretched that journey out to close to 300 miles and that would have taken approximately two weeks more of hard travelling, even in good weather conditions. Had we continued and met more bad weather on the way back we would have been in a desperate situation. So, we came back. It seemed more important to save the lives of my men than to reach the South Pole."

"Do you think you will make another attempt?"

"I don't know just how to answer that. Pernaps I will; I'm uncertain at this time."

There was no defeat in his voice.

And in September of that year, 1909, came a bulletin from Dr. Frederick A. Cook that he had discovered the North Pole. And one from Commander Peary that he had discovered it April 6, 1909, and that Cook was a faker and a liar. And then supplemental word from Cook that he had reached the Pole in 1908, one year ahead of

Peary.

Amundsen was in New York when Peary returned to that city from his discovery. He previously had announced that he would make a drifting voyage across the North Polar Sea, such as Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the then 27-year-old Norwegian, did in 1893-1896. He would go around Cape Horn and out Bering Sea in the Fram, the ship designed by Dr. Nansen and built with a saucer-like hull so that she could ride up onto the ice when pressed by floes from both sides.

But, with Peary's discovery; Nansen's drift across practically the eastern half of the Polar Sea; Nordenskiold's northeast passage; the Jeannette's drift through part of the western half, and Amundsen's northwest passage, there was little left of the great area to traverse. Amundsen changed his mind; he would make an attempt to reach the South Pole.

And it changed to be my good fortune to meet with Captain Amundsen in a little hotel in West Forty-seventh Street, and discuss his plans. He laid them out fully, completely. They were so simple---a startling departure from the methods of all previous explorers who tried to reach the southern goal.

"The South Pole," he explained, "is on a great tableland of ice, solid, forever solid, on a rock base supposedly a continuation of the Andes Mountains. This tableland is circular in general shape. Across its widest diameter, about 1,600 miles. The North Pole is in a great bowl of water and ice, changing and moving every spring. In places the Polar Sea is two miles deep. Anything left at the North Pole is carried out the next spring. Anything left at the South Pole or anywhere near it will be there

a century hence.

"Scores of explorers have traversed, separately of course, the 16,000 miles of circumference of the South Pole tableland. The tableland rises so abruptly from the sea, no practicable route has been found except from Ross Sea. Here the sea is about 800 miles from the Pole. But a great triangular area of ice, called the Ross Sea Shelf Ice, extends toward the Pole, and its tip is only about 300 or 400 miles from the Pole. This affords a fairly easy ascent to the tableland, at Axel Heiberg Glacier or one or two other glaciers at that point, as they present a sort of ramp up to the higher level. This shelf ice fronts along Ross Sea for a distance of 500 or 600 miles.

"Several previous explorers have tried to get to the Pole by way of Ross Sea, going up onto the shelf ice at McMurdock Sound, in a corner of the sea and under the frowning, and occasionally active volcano, Mt Erebus.

"That's the route Shackleton apparently took. I presume Scott when he tries again will take that route because of the success of Shackleton. Shackleton reached probably the tableland by way of the Beardmore Glacier at the far side of the shelf ice and about 500 miles from the South Pole. Now, I will make my base in the Bay of Whales, about 600 miles from McMurdock Sound, in the general direction of South America. I'll get onto the shelf ice and begin to establish bases.

"My plan of bases is different from anything yet tried. Previous explorers have traveled, taking observations from time to time as weather permits, on the way down and on the way back. That requires just as much time, if not more, coming back

as going down. Sometimes, on snowy days, or in a blizzard, or on murky days, it's impossible to make observations. Time is lost. By that method the journey is lengthened, and made harder. On your way home your men are well worn down; their food is becoming less and less. Too much delay easily can spell disaster and the death of all---even one long delay.

"My plan is entirely different. As soon as I get established in the Bay of Whales, I'll begin to put out my bases. At certain distances, maybe fifty or sixty miles apart, I'll erect cairns 20 or 30 feet high. In each I'll stock a full supply of food, and set an instrument board giving my directions for the home journey. Thus, by this method, we can take plenty of time going down, and when we are returning, we will not be controlled by the weather. Whether cloudy, rainy, snowy or foggy, all we will have to do is to jump from one cairn to another---only fifty or sixty miles each jump---and we will know exactly where we are going all the time. The only thing to slow us will be a blizzard; but we can dig in until it is over, and then proceed.

"As for our traveling machinery, I will follow the great truth for Arctic travel laid down by Commander Peary---'Few men, lots of dogs.' Huskies are just that---huskies. They can travel on almost nothing, are tireless, can sleep in the snow. They are a self-contained motor machine. If one is injured or takes sick, you just shoot the dog and throw him into the pack, which gobbles him up immediately. If your supplies run low, you can eat the dog yourself, and the half-wild animals are not very unpalatable, especially when you are hungry. But, we'll not run short of food.

"I'll start out with 150 dogs. By the time we reach the Bay of Whales, we'll have 400. We'll have a marvellous number of strong, fine dogs, dogs for our teams and splendid king dogs for our leaders.

"We have a magnificent crew for the Fram. Strong young men, willing and ready for our big effort. I am confident."

Captain Amundsen's unfolding of his plans, made it possible for the New York Herald again to carry a full-page prediction: "Has Amundsen Discovered the South Pole?"

Early in 1910 advance reports from Europe definitely stated Scott was preparing for another try for the South Pole. He would take "the most perfectly equipped and planned expedition of all." But---what startled all American explorers was---Scott, instead of taking dogs alone for his transportation, would take---Shetland ponies. Shetland ponies require hay hay and other particular foods. They will not subsist on one another when in last extremeties of starvation, like dogs will. They are much more difficult to handle in a blizzard than dogs for the latter will hunch close to the ground in high winds, and will still proceed as long as men are with them. Ponies cannot go over hummocks and through narrow defiles like the dogs; nor can they be tossed over narrow crevasses by the men who have proceeded tethered to a line and making a leap with ice hooks and then swinging the dogs over.

All these considerations seemed to foredoom the expedition to disaster in the minds of those versed in Arctic lore. If Amundsen, before leaving New York, knew of Scott's intentions to take ponies, he never so much as hinted it.

Amundsen left Christiania, Norway, in June, 1910. He landed at the Bay of Whales, Ross Sea, February 10, 1911, in the South Polar summer. He started immediately setting up bases and preparing for his big run to the Pole. The sledges started October 20, set up cairns on the tableland and proceeded southward.

Scott had sailed from New Zealand November 29, 1910, with a large group of scientists. He arrived in McMurdock Sound in 1911 and evidently prepared in a more or less leisurely way for his dash to the pole. He started some time in October, 1911, November or December, when Amundsen at the same time and moving swiftly according to his simple and practicable formula, was angling toward the goal on a route many miles away.

Amundsen reached the South Pole December 14, 1911. After some days spent in scientific checking and rechecking, he left his tent at the Pole with records and sufficient other proof that he had been at the exact Pole. He returned to the Bay of Whales January 25, 1912.

Scott reached the South Pole January 18, 1912---one month and four days after Amundsen beat him in the great international race. No word was received from Scott and in 1912 searching parties were sent out. November 12, 1912, Scott and all his men were found frozen to death eleven miles from a base of supplies. They had been stopped on their return by a blizzard with only two days food supplies. His lifeless ponies were found in various places.

Amundsen's conquest of the South Pole gave him the world record in Polar achievement of two great discoveries in the short period of five years---the South Pole and the discovery of the Northwest Passage. And his south journey had its parallel

of ease in his navigation of the Northwest route. On June 1, 1903 Amundsen left Christiania in the Gjoa, an insignificant little sloop hardly larger than a Chesapeake Bay oysterman's boat. He was bound out to discover if possible the route to the riches of the Orient that had lured scores of intrepid explorers to their deaths. And, more importantly to him, to discover the true location of the Magnetic ~~South~~ North Pole, which had been located approximately 1600 miles south and slightly west of the geographical North Pole.

Captain Robert McClure, who went in search of Sir John ~~xxxxx~~ Franklin in 1850, pushed the Investigator through from Bering Strait and reached the northeast coast of Banks Land where he had to abandon his ship. He crossed the ice, reached Sir Edward Belcher's Resolute making a search from the east, and returned to England, the first explorer to cross from the Pacific to the Atlantic. But he had found no ship route, and no ship yet has made its way around the northern coast of Banks Land. Others had, from high points, seen what they thought "might be the ~~xxxxxxx~~ passage." But Amundsen, ignoring these theoretical routes, followed the known but ill-fated Franklin route, and by August was off the Magnetic North Pole as located by Sir James Ross in 1831.

Navigating the unsailed littoral, he swung to the east of King William Land and foll wed the trend west into Simpson Strait where, September 12, he went into a sheltered harbor and ~~xx~~ established winter quarters. On King William Land he set up a ~~xxxxxxxxx~~ meteorological observatory. The blockhouse was constructed entirely of wood, not a piece of metal being used, except copper nails for holding the wood together. No ~~xxxxx~~

matches, keys or knives were carried. Even shoes soled with nails were discarded for fear the metal would disturb the magnets. The magnetic needles were adjusted in the house, and, save for a lamp behind the reflector, the place was absolutely dark. No heat was allowed, and no motion of any kind. Three or four hours a day, with the temperature as low as 70 degrees below zero, the explorers sat in the house watching the needles. Amundsen relocated the true Magnetic North Pole with much greater accuracy than had been possible heretofore---at 70 degrees north latitude and 97 degrees west longitude.

Amundsen remained at the island for two years and set at rest much that was conjectural about the point. He left August 13, 1905, passed through Dease Strait and Coronation Gulf, and out into the Arctic Ocean to Kings Point, Mackenzie Bay. Ice forced him to winter at Herschel Island. He came through Bering Strait Septemoer 5, 1906, the discoverer of and the first navigator of the Northwest Passage.

After these two great polar achievements, Amundsen continued his Arctic research. In the dirigible of Colonel Umberto Nobile, of Italy, he flew over the North Pole in 1926. For several days the airship was unreported. She had been caught in a gale off the Alaskan coast. Nobile was at the wheel. The dirigible was in great danger on several occasions until a big sub-officer, seeing a complete crash, took the wheel from ~~Nobile~~ Nobile and orought the airship to ground, in a wreck, but saving all the men. With Amundsen on this journey was Oscar Wisting, who had been with Amundsen to the South Pole. Amundsen and Wisting were the first two men to see both the North Pole and the South Pole.

Later, in 1928, Nobile made another journey toward the North Pole in the Italia. He flew over the Pole, but on the return was wrecked. Nobile survived. But when no report was received of the explorers, Amundsen, in a seaplane, flew out in search. The seaplane was wrecked and Amundsen and his companions lost their lives going to the rescue of a man whom the Italian Government later rebuked. Nobile retired from the Italian army and joined up with Soviet Russia as an engineering expert, while the man who went out to save him lies in his grave of water and ice in that great realm of mystery which he had mastered and which brought him so much glory.

NOSE FOR NEWS OR LUCK

"Empress of Ireland sunk!"

George Daley, the telegraph editor, was standing up at his big flat-top desk at one side of the city room, holding a bulletin which had just come in. He was looking around at the men in the room, eight or ten reporters were whacking their typewriters on late stories, in a hurry to finish and go home. Daley was silent but planning action. It was nearing midnight, May 28, 1914.

"Empress sunk in Gulf of StLawrence. Hundreds believed lost!" Came the second bulletin.

"It's a big story," George shouted over to the city desk.

The clacking of the typewriters ceased instantly. The reporters wanted to know what the big story was. There were a few minutes of quiet. The two big bronze men beside the enormous bronze bell over the front door of the New York Herald building, began to boom out the hour of midnight as crowds standing in Broadway watched the lighted bronze figures clang that bell.

"Empress sunk off Rimouski. Loss of life at least five hundred!" The third bulletin read.

"Gimme some men," Daley called to the night city editor, Bob Dill.

"All you want. Go ahead," Dill agreed.

Three, four, five hustled to Daley's desk.

"Get a map and find out where Rimouski, on the Gulf of StLawrence is," he ordered the first reporter. And to another:

"Go to the morgue and dig up all you can about the Empress of Ireland. Get the ship news men out of bed if necessary."

"You phone the New York Central and find out the quickest way to Rimouski."

"You phone the New York New Haven and Hartford and the Boston and Maine for the quickest way---by any connection---even freight line."

"You get up a box on the biggest shipwrecks. This looks like it might be the worst of all."

The art department manager hurried in.

"Get pictures of the Empress of Ireland, or a sister ship, if you can. Map of the Gulf of StLawrence, with location of Rimouski---Here it is, about 200 or 250 miles east of Quebec, almost at the tip of that peninsula. You know the kind of layout, Willard. This is big. Go to it!"

Willard Bonte, the art manager, and highly efficient one, needed no instructions. He could whip a splendid illustrated layout together in a few minutes.

Barely two minutes passed while Daley was giving his succession of quick orders. The reporters who were whamming their typewriters in an effort to go home, were now all wide awake, keen with the excitement of a big story, fresh as if it were a new day, each one hoping he would be sent on the big assignment. Sleep, food, comfort all were forgotten. Chasing big news is the real elixir to a jaded reporter, puts ideas in his head, speed in his legs, lets appetite wait on good reporting.

Bulletins were coming slowly now. About all the news editor could put together for the first edition was that the Empress had been rammed by a freighter, the Storstadt. The loss of life was very heavy. Growing each minute. The Empress was rolled over on her side, close in shore. Bodies were being picked up by the score. Rimouski was far away, with only a single telegraph wire, and that was jammed with messages. Then the bulletins stopped.

Daley came over to me.

"I know you're assistant night city editor," he said, "and I haven't any right to ask, but this looks like a tremendous story. If it turns out big, will you go up there for me?"

"Sure will."

"Will you take your camera?"

"Sure will."

"I'll talk to Bob, and see if he'll agree to let you go?" George said.

"Send him any place this side of hell," Bob said with his usual very wide grin. "I'll fix it with the day desk. If there's any kick, I'll take it. You're after a big story."

"You go home and go to bed," Daley told me. "If the story drops down, which it may, I won't call you. If it holds up I will."

About half past two I got to bed, and had been asleep only a short time when the telephone rang. It was George calling:

"This is a whale of a story," he said hurriedly. "Looks like a thousand lost. There's a train out at five oclock. You've got less than an hour to make it, but if you do,

you'll beat every one on the story from New York. Grand Central to Montreal, and a connection there to Quebec. I'll meet you at the train with plenty of money. Wire for anything more you want. Spend. Get the story. Don't forget your camera."

Throwing things into my suitcase, I ran to the corner taxicab stand.

"I'll give you five dollars if you get me to the Grand Central Station by ten minutes of five or maybe five minutes of five!"

He got me there with fifteen minutes to spare. George met me with a wad of bills.

At Albany, John McHugh Stuart, from the Albany office, boarded the train. He was the Herald's political man, but was instructed to put himself under my orders in helping cover the story. He was a grand help, and a wholesome companion even though I was older than he, and we formed a friendship that has lasted to this day. After we changed at Montreal, a few Canadian newspaper men and a photographer came on the train. There were one or two others, but none from New York.

Somewhere along the road Stuart received a telegram to return to Albany, and I went on alone, arriving in Quebec at 8 oclock in the morning. A train for Rimouski would leave at 8.10. It probably would take five hours or more to cover the distance. Saturday is the meanest of all days to get a story on the wire. Matter had to be relayed from Quebec from Rimouski's only wire, which probably would be loaded with telegrams of officials and the officers of the ships, to say nothing of the Associated Press bulletins which naturally would have priority.

I was in a dither. Just as I was starting to the station to get my ticket to Rimouski, a conductor came down the platform from a Rimouski train.

"They're bringing all the survivors in here. They'll bring the bodies here, too," he called to another conductor.

What grand luck! I remained in Quebec, put up at the Chateau Frontenac, had a bite to eat, then waited outside the hotel with my camera. Within the next hour came a whole trainload of the survivors. Just everything falling into my lap.

Whatever had happened to the other newsmen and the photographers always has been a mystery to me. After our train reached Quebec they disappeared like a mist. Maybe they all took that train for Rimouski, but I didn't see them go. I was the only newsman around. And I had my my camera.

Among the first of the survivors to arrive was the Rev. James Wallett, of West Cliff on the Sea, Essex, England, and J. H. Cash, of Nottingham, England. They were the last to go off the side of the Empress when she was rolling over. I got an excellent shot of the two of them together. Then came a man and his wife Mr and Mrs Thomas Greenaway, of Toronto. They had jumped offtthe Empress, arm and in arm. They had become separated in the water. Each thought the other lost. They were reunited at the Chateau Frontenac. They provided a grand story, interview and picture. I took perhaps a dozen more snapsnots of survivors.

Then, down to the pier where they were preparing for the reception of all the bodies. The reports were now quite definite. The deathlist had reached 1024. (The Titanic's loss was 1517; the Lusitania's 1198; the General Slocum's 1021. The Empress

disaster is thus the largest in the history of passenger steamships.)

Flags were at half-mast at the pier. People were grouped around, just as they would be for a week or more. There could be no change in the general front appearance. I got a good shot of that, just as the pier would look with all the bodies inside. With a lost of pictures, I hurried to the railroad station. It was still before noon of Saturday.

More wonderful luck! I went to the first conductor I met.

"I'll give you five dollars if you will see that these films get to the New York Herald as soon as you can make it."

"The New York Herald? I've been reading it for forty years. I'll be glad to do it for nothing. I connect at Montreal with a conductor friend of mine, who leaves about ten minutes after I arrive. He'll take them to the Herald."

I gave him the five dollars. The pictures went off. And the Herald printed, exclusively, "First Pictures from the Empress Wreck,", a big layout on the front page.

I had not been to bed since George Daley woke me up early Friday morning. I was about the happiest newsman in forty-eight states because there were no other reporters around, and no photographers either. By Saturday evening I had a complete story on the wire. About half-past eight, as I was walking out of the Western Union office, four New York reporters, in a bunch, met me. It was awfully late for them to get a Saturday story.

"Well, here we are," they announced. "What can you do for us?"

They were Johnny Jones, of the New York Sun; Earl Hadley, of the Evening Sun; Harold Vivian, of the New York American, and

William Curtin, of the New York Tribune. I hadn't met any of them before, as they were all men "on the street" as the term for reporters goes. I was a desk man. I knew that I could hold out on them and that it was too late for them to get anything like a comprehensive story at that time of night; but I also knew that if I did that, that group wouldn't forget and some day later would give me the works on some other important story. It works that way.

"Well, fellows, I keep carbons of everything I write. You're welcome to them. You'll have to divide them up someway. You haven't much time. Go to it."

They divided the carbons among themselves and got their stuff on the wires. But they were badly handicapped for time. I already had had four or five hours start on them, and I had word of mouth stories galore from survivors.

When all were finished that night, we went to the Chateau Frontenac for a let-down. This naturally lasted until pretty well along in the morning. The others went to bed about four or five oclock. I didn't. Stayed awake, looking over my carbons and devising next's day's action.

About seven Sunday morning, after a cold shower, and a good breakfast, I went for a stroll along the waterfront. It was a beautiful morning. The docks were deserted. I didn't see a soul for a long time, and just loitered around. Then I saw a man leaving a ship---it was the Storstadt, but I didn't know it.

"Do you happen to know anything about the wreck," I asked as I approached him.

"Well," he answered affably, "I was the officer of the

deck of the Empress. I saw it all. I was on the forward deck when we were struck!"

A million dollars handed to me! The only man who saw the whole thing, its cause, its effect, the terrible scenes. What luck.

His account, spoken very slowly and carefully, was given me in substantially these words:

"There was a low-lying fog all over the Gulf. We heard the Storstadt coming. She was blowing her whistle occasionally. We figured that she was proceeding at her usual speed---even in a fog---and at night. We signalled for her to slow down, but she didn't slow down, and we repeated our signals. She ignored them, and in a few minutes I saw her mast lights coming over the fog bank. She was coming so fast I knew she would hit us. Nothing could have prevented a collision at that time, for there was no time for either ship to throw off course and escape. She hit us on the starboard, and we started to roll over. Passengers were jolted out of their bunks. Those below had no chance. The stairways from below always Y out at the top. When a ship rolls, one stairway turns up until it is almost overhead. The other turns down into the water. People could not get up one stairway. I they tried the other, they simply went down into the water and were drowned. There was no way to get down to most of them, or for anyone to get up. Many persons jumped overboard and were drowned. Those that were trapped below were caught. And there were so many poor little children!"

That was the only eye-witness story obtained. When I worked with the other men that afternoon, I told them I had a

good eye-witness story. It was exclusive but I would give it to them after my first edition. That was all right with them, because I had developed it early in the day and alone. But one of them wired his paper this unusual message:

"For a fine, authoritative eye-witness story, see the first edition of the Herald."

A fine boost from a competitor.

Sunday afternoon two ships brought all the bodies down the StLawrence to Quebec. A grey battleship bore those of the adults. A small white ship, in front of the warship, carried the children's bodies. In the bright sunlight, looking down from the heights of Quebec, it appeared like a great big mother hen slowly following and watching her little white chick.

At the decorated pier, the bodies were placed on long table-high platforms inside. The bodies of the adults were all in open-top, crude boxes, or coffins, the best that could be obtained in the emergency. The bodies of the children---more than three hundred of them---were assembled in one section. They were in small packing cases, or paper cartons, some of the children so tiny they were in shoe boxes. As the husky sailors came across the gangplank, each with one or two small boxes on one arm, and one or two on the other, tears streamed down their cheeks. Nor did they attempt to check them. The people watching were in tears, too.

Someone has said that death by drowning is easy, that your thoughts are of pleasant things. That could not have been true in this case as to the adults, for their countenances expressed pain, fright, horror.

With the children it was different. There were no expressions of fright or pain on any of them. Evidently they all had been drowned in their sleep. And on the face of each one was the smile of a lovely cherub.

MURDER WAS OUT

Howard Hillegas, day city editor, leaned back in his swivel chair and whirled around. He started to get up, then settled back.

"Hey, come here quick!" he shouted at me.

He held out a small business card of the Dictaphone Corporation.

"Look at that," he said.

"Well, what's so startling about a business card?"

"Wait, you'll say it's going to lead to a startling story. Two hours ago we received a short bulletin from Freeport, Long Island, that a prominent woman, a Mrs. Carman, had shot and killed another woman also prominent. It looked like an ordinary murder then, about the usual kind. I started Joe Canavan out. He's on his way."

"Well, and what?"

"Here's the startling twist. A man who just left the office was from the Dictaphone Corporation. He said his company only recently had installed a dictaphone out at Freeport for a woman named Carman. Her husband is a doctor, Edwin Carman. The dictaphone ran from the doctor's office into her bedroom, and the wires and instruments of course are hidden. Mrs. Carman didn't explain why she wanted a dictaphone, but---well, this is the first time I've known it to have been used by a woman to trap another.

Whatcha think?"

"Looks like a swell eternal triangle story."

"Get out there and take charge of the story. Tell Joe about the dictaphone. That makes the big story. How about splitting up on space---you write the first day's story because you have the big end? Joe write the second day, and then alternate?"

"That's OK with me, as far as the space is concerned, but not on Betsy. Betsy will need a lot of gasoline and oil and maybe tires. My mileage allowance won't do more than cover the cost of the car. But, when it's Joe's day, I'll take him any place he wants to go. We'll do the story together."

At Freeport I learned that Mrs. Florence Carman had shot and killed Mrs. Louise Bailey, wife of William Bailey, that day, June 30, 1914. The Carmans and the Baileys were among the most influential residents of the town. Mrs. Carman's father owned many acres on Long Island and was reputed to be very wealthy. Mr. Bailey was in the insurance business. Both families lived in fine homes, the Carmans on the main highway running through Freeport, the Baileys off the main road running to the north.

Joe and I worked together. We talked with the police, with Steve Pettit, the sheriff; with Lewis Smith, the district attorney, and with George Levy whom Mrs. Carman already had retained as her attorney. We ran down reports that led to some other towns, villages or cross-roads within a radius of ten miles.

Piecing our bits of information together, we worked out this general idea the first day: Dr. Carman was known around the town as pretty much of a cut-up, and not very discriminating as to the company he kept. Stories were reaching Mrs. Carman's ears

that caused her worry, veiled references to her husband's philanderings. Mrs. Bailey was a patient of Dr. Carman and her visits to his office were frequent. While naturally Mrs. Carman was under suspicion, there was nothing as yet definitely indicating that she killed Mrs. Bailey.

The police had no more than this. Sheriff Pettit, who was the only one of the lawmen who would give us aid at this time, was guarded in his statements for quotation, and would venture no theory.

"Mrs. Bailey was a patient of Dr. Carman," he said. "Mrs. Carman put a dictaphone in the doctor's office. One evening, after dinner, Mrs. Bailey was in the doctor's office. A shot came through the window and Mrs. Bailey was killed."

Various theories were advanced. Numerous suspects were reported as having been seen near the Carman house before the shooting, but these reports proved groundless. One theory strongly urged was that some enemy of Dr. Carman or Mrs. Carman had fired the shot. One man swore that he and Dr. Carman had been fired on while returning home late one night. But everyone living in the half dozen houses at that quiet spot was up late that night, and not one heard a shot.

Suspicion that Mrs. Carman was the guilty one was now strongly held by the prosecuting officials. Her home was searched for a revolver. From garret to cellar the quest extended. The chimneys were fished, grappling hooks were dropped between walls, the barn was turned almost upside down, the gardens were poked into. But no gun was found. All the while, Mrs. Carman maintained marvellous composure, denying all knowledge of the shooting, or of

anyone who might have done it.

Men and women came from various directions and distances with reports and suggestions apparently to aid Mrs. Carman. One report from an old actor, Garlan Gaden, of a very impressive front and convincing manner, was that someone had seen someone drive slowly by a lake and throw something into the water at its edge. He was sure it was the gun that killed Mrs. Bailey, and volunteered to show us the spot. He knew almost exactly where it was by the description he had received. We took him out. While he poked along the water's edge, we sat in the car. He found no gun.

Another, a woman, told of a mean looking tramp she had seen hiding back of the side fence, as if waiting to rob or do something worse. Her description of the fence on the side of the white house was perfect, but her fence was on the opposite side of the highway from the Carman house. Several others told reporters numerous yarns and gave their names, evidently publicity seekers. But they all seemed to want to prove Mrs. Carman innocent.

There were others, however, who were trying to paint Mrs. Carman in dark colors. They stated flatly that she had been seen in the daytime alone at various drinking places around the island. They named specifically a number of low order. Three places were the better class of restaurants, about twenty-five miles from Freeport. We investigated all these reports, first in the dives, all of which were not more than four miles from Freeport. Every bartender told us practically the same thing:

"Yes, I know Mrs. Carman very well---by sight, I mean. She is a very fine woman. Everyone says so. She's never been here. She wouldn't come into a dump like this."

At the three better places, each proprietor gave about the same word:

"Yes, Mrs. Carman has been here quite often. Never alone. Always accompanied by her husband and their little daughter Elizabeth."

We talked with numerous men, bankers, bakers, professors, painters, grocers, garage men. Not one man said a word against Mrs. Carman. We talked with any number of women, young and old, nurses, waitresses, girl clerks, secretaries, school teachers, and women of the highest standing in the community. They all had only good to speak of Mrs. Carman; she was a home body and all her interest was centered in her home. They didn't give the doctor a similar bill of health. If there is anyone in a neighborhood who knows all about the people in it, it is the cop on the beat. We talked with all of them, and their estimate of Mrs. Carman agreed with the favorable reports. One Irish cop just couldn't contain himself.

"I've known Mrs. Carman ever since she was a little girl," he said. "She was a fine girl, no better ever lived. She's a fine woman and no better lives today. If any so-and-so says a word against her to me I'll knock his damned block off!"

Rumors were rife now that the state had a mysterious witness who could clear up the case, but we could not find out who this witness was. Then came word that Mrs. Carman was to be arrested and taken to the Mineola jail ten miles away. On the day of the arrest, the highway in front of the Carman house and for blocks on either side was jammed with automobiles from all over Long Island. The line of cars extended up side streets. Scores

were ready to follow the sheriff's car over the roads to the jail. Our chance of following, or even getting through the crush with Betsy, seemed slim. However, the taxi driver, whom we had hired at the start of the story, tipped us:

"I'll tell you where to take a little narrow road, where you can wait almost out of sight of the sheriff's car as it comes toward you. If you are quick you can shoot in right back of the sheriff."

It was a stroke of wonderful luck. We ran out to the little lane that was absolutely free of cars. We waited at the cross-roads with motor running, and almost hidden by trees. In a few minutes a great cloud of dust billowed up far down the road. The sheriff's car was two hundred feet ahead of the cavalcade chasing him. As he shot past us, Betsy jumped like a bullet and we were not a hundred feet behind him. Betsy's top was down. Bert Phillips, our photographer, braced himself in the back seat.

"Shoot ahead; run alongside," he called.

Betsy shot ahead. We caught up with the sheriff's car and ran neck and neck with him at about fifty miles an hour, which was fast in those days, especially on dirt roads. While the two cars were not more than three feet apart, Phillips got two excellent snapshots of Mrs. Carman in the rear seat of the prison car.

"Beat 'em to the jail," Phillips yelled.

Betsy jumped faster and faster. We smashed into a couple of very bad holes. Bert bounced high. How he ever stayed in that jumping car is a big guess. We got far ahead of the sheriff's car. We pulled up at the jail. Bert jumped out and ran so fast his legs looked as if he had as many as a centipede. He got set

with his camera, and took two fine shots of Mrs. Carman as she stepped from the sheriff's car and walked into jail. We were the only ones to get pictures.

Next day Sheriff Pettit came to me, with a mysterious air. I expected him to give me a summons for speeding or reckless driving, or something.

"What kind of a car is that you have?" he asked.

"Fiat."

"That maroon devil sure can travel. I tried to keep ahead of you, but you left me way behind. Where can I get one of those cars?"

I told him. Two days later he drove into Freeport with a big Fiat that must have cost him around $7,500.

After the wild chase to the jail there was a hiatus of several weeks while waiting for the trial. When Mrs. Carman went to trial, the Mineola Court House had greater crowds in it and around it than it ever had had. After the usual opening, the prosecution produced several secondary witnesses, then the mysterious witness. This was none other than Celia Coleman, the negro maid in the Carman house. Briefly, her story was:

"I was in the kitchen right after dinner., There was someone in the doctor's office. I don't know who it was, as I never paid attention to the doctor's business. Soon Mrs. Carman came through the kitchen. She had one hand under a shawl. I could not see the hand. I didn't pay much attention to that either because Mrs. Carman often came through the kitchen to go out to the garden. Mrs. Carman went out the back door. Soon afterwards, I heard a noise that sounded like a shot or an automobile tire

bursting. I didn't think much about that because we hear a lot of bursting tires on the highway here. About a minute after the noise, Mrs. Carman came back into the kitchen. She opened her shawl a bit and said to me:

" 'See, Celia, I shot her!'"

There was a rustling through the courtroom of the astonished spectators. The jury looked intently at the witness, as if trying to evaluate her veracity. Mrs. Carman's expression did not change. George Levy in cross-examination tried to break down Celia Coleman's story, but the maid's testimony could not be shaken.

Many character witnesses were put on the stand for Mrs. Carman. She, herself, was examined and cross-examined, and towards the end of the week the case went to the jury. The jury was out all night. The judge retired for sleep, with word to be called as xx soon as the jury reached a verdict.

Seldom have such scenes been enacted in and around a courthouse, as at Mineola all through that night. Scores of people waited. The courtroom was kept brilliantly lighted. Outside lights flared. The inn, several hundred feet away, did a rushing business. Some of the spectators came into the room with sandwiches and beer; others with whisky. All sat through the night, sleepy, dissheveled and anxious. There were rumors that the jury was having a knock-down and drag-out time of it, that one juryman had threatened to throw another out of the window unless he changed his vote.

In the morning the jury came in with a disagreement.

For several weeks there was much speculation in the

newspapers over what would happen next, whether the murder indictment would be quashed and the case forgotten or whether there would be a second trial. From various places far remote from Freeport, there were unverified stories of new witnesses, some for, some against Mrs. Carman.

Just as it looked as if it would be a long time before any further action would be taken, I had a hunch, and that on one of the nastiest winter nights imaginable. It was Sunday, sleeting, raining, the kind of a night any one with sense would stay at home. I had kept up my contacts with Lewis Smith, Sheriff Pettit, Mr. Bailey and George Levy. I drove out to Freeport, slipping and skidding half the time.

At Mr. Bailey's house, he told me at once:

"Lew Smith was just here. He is going to have a second trial. Go over and see him."

The district attorney was getting ready to go out again.

"Mr. Bailey tells me you are going to have a second trial."

"Yes, and pretty soon. I don't want to give anyone an opportunity to try to have the indictment quashed, because then it'll look like political influence or the influence of the Carman's standing in the community. I want to have the case settled one way or another."

"Do you think Mrs. Carman had any intention of shooting Mrs. Bailey?"

He looked at me with a queer expression.

"Well---What do you think?" he asked.

"Well, Judge, I think you think just about the way I think."

He looked up at the ceiling. He remained silent for a moment or two, then branched off into a discussion of psychology for half an hour. He said he believed strongly in applied psychology.

George Levy was at home when I got there.

"George, Lew Smith is going to have a second trial."

"How do you know?"

"I just left his house. He told me."

"Does Mrs. Carman know?" he asked.

"I think not. Mr. Bailey said nothing about Mrs. Carman being told. I doubt if the district attorney would do so just yet."

"How would you like to talk to Mrs. Carman? It will be news to her. I don't know how she'll take it. I'll call her at once."

He did so and after a brief conversation he said that we were to "come right over."

When Levy and I went into the doctor's office, Mrs. Carman was sitting there, calmly. Dr. Carman was off at one side of the room. He didn't say a word at any time.

Levy said to Mrs. Carman:

"Mr. Edwards here tells me that Lew Smith is going to have a new trial. He just left Lew Smith."

"Well," Mrs. Carman remarked slowly, "I don't know what to think about a new trial. I'm awfully afraid of a new trial."

"Mrs. Carman, don't have the least fear. I would be willing to bet my life that you will be acquitted," I assured her.

She looked me straight in the eye and asked:

"How can you say that? I know you always have thought I murdered Mrs. Bailey. You have indicated that in your paper."

"No, Mrs. Carman, never at any time have I written a word to indicate that I thought you murdered Mrs. Bailey. I have never used the word murder. But, I have thought all along---and think so now---that you shot Mrs and killed her---by mistake."

"Don't you think if I wanted to kill her I would have come right down those stairs there and right into this room where she was---"

"Exactly, Mrs. Carman. If you had your mind made up to kill her, you would have come right down those stairs and walked in. And you would have held your gun in your right hand, not your left hand. You are a right-handed woman. I always have thought that you shot Mrs. Bailey, but had no more intention of killing her---or even hitting her---than you have of shooting me right now."

"Well---Still I'm afraid of a second trial."

"Here's another thing. You thought the couple were right about where you are sitting. With your right hand you could have poked the gun through the window, shot over here at this close range and hit somebody. But, with your left hand, you shot way over there, where you thought it would be safe and not hit anyone. You just wanted to scare them. Now, I want to point out something else."

Walking over to the bookcase, which I had been told to do, I immediately saw a fresh indentation on the edge, not more than an eighth of an inch deep. I said, pointing to it:

"Mrs. Carman, if that bookcase had been back one inch farther, or even half an inch farther, Mrs. Bailey would be alive

today. The bullet coming from the window and missing the bookcase would have gone through the door. But it just grazed the bookcase, making this dent, and was deflected right into Mrs. Bailey's heart. That indentation is almost exactly heart-high for Mrs. Bailey. Buffalo Bill could not make that exact shot in a thousand trials. When a person is trying to hit a bullseye he aims directly at the target, not off at right angles, and not with the left hand when he is right-handed. I don't believe you could have twisted your right arm to make that shot. You see, Mrs. Carman, if I were put on the stand, I would make a pretty good witness for you---not against you."

She didn't look so worried now.

"That makes me feel better; but I'm awfully afraid of a second trial."

"You can stop worrying right now. I've seen many murder trials, and I can assure you and George Levy that you will be acquitted. I want to see you acquitted, because it was not murder; there was no murder in your heart. A terrible accident, yes, but not murder."

"I hope it comes out as you say."

"Don't worry. I never felt surer of anything."

The New York Herald had exclusively the story of the second trial, the first and only interview with Mrs. Carman, and talks with Smith, Bailey and Levy. A complete beat, just on a lucky hunch.

The second trial, lasting most of the week, had the same witnesses for the most part. There was no shaking of Celia Coleman's story. Mrs. Carman was a remarkable witness, calm,

trying her best to save herself from a murder convictio, knowing full well the true story.

George Levy probably depended much on the story of Elizabeth Carman, the nine-year-old child, to sway the jury. For about thirty minutes he plied her slowly with questions. Anyone could see that the girl had been coached thoroughly. She answered as automatically as she would her teacher's question "How much is two and two?" She knew her story perfectly. At the end, Levy, with a flourish of his hand, told the district attorney:

"The witness is your's."

Lewis Smith remained sitting at his table, twirling a pencil. He waited a minute or more, while there was dead silence in the courtroom. Everyone awaited Smith's first questions which they were sure would be a relentless effort to tear the child's story to pieces. To tangle the child up, to brow-beat her.

Levy watched Smith intently, anticipating the ordeal of cross-examination of Elizabeth. He expected a stinging attack on the witness.

Smith remained in his chair for another minute, still twirling his pencil. You could hear a pin drop in the intense situation. Presently, he looked up at Elizabeth, smiled kindly, and asked, very slowly:

"Elizabeth, you love your mother very much---don't you?"

"Yes, very much," the child whimpered, as tears started.

Mrs. Carman's composure changed for a moment. He lips trembled. The jurors obviously were moved. The people in the courtroom gasped.

Smith delayed a few seconds more, for the effect on the

jury. Then, still seated, still twirling his pencil, he announced:

"That is all!"

A suppressed murmur of astonishment swept through the courtroom. The jurors cleared their throats. Smith had applied his psychology to perfection.

Then followed the summing up and the judge's charge to the jury. The twelve men filed out. Not long after they returned with their verdict:

"Not guilty!"

Mrs. Carman was free. She and Elizabeth walked out into the blessed sunshine once more.

Lewis Smith was probably the happiest man in the room at the verdict. In my many talks with him I maintained that Mrs. Carman was not guilty of murder, and I formed a very definite opinion that even the prosecuting attorney did not want to see Mrs. Carman convicted of murder---for I was not the only one who knew of that dent in the edge of the bookcase. Perhaps I was even happier in the ~~ex~~ conceit that my assurance to Mrs. Carman that she would be acquitted had come true.
